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ISLE OF WIGHT



HUBERT GARLE

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2. Moreau, George ...

b.o.t. (1)

A.D. (2)

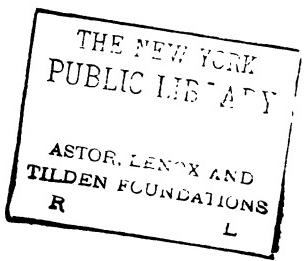
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A DRIVING TOUR
IN THE
ISLE OF WIGHT.

ISLE OF WIGHT :
PRINTED AT THE COUNTY PRESS, NEWPORT.





The Author.

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5/19/34 C.P.

A DRIVING TOUR
IN THE
ISLE OF WIGHT,
WITH
VARIOUS LEGENDS AND ANECDOTES;
ALSO
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF GEORGE MORLAND
AND
HIS CONNECTION WITH THE ISLAND.

BY
HUBERT GARLE.

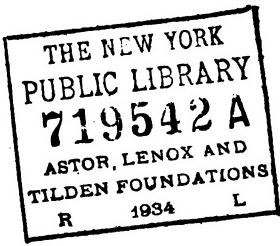
EDITED BY
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Newport, Isle of Wight:

THE COUNTY PRESS.

1905.

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WILLOW WOOD
OLIVER
WILLIAM

Dedicated,

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

TO

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTEMBERG,

GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT,

AND PRESIDENT OF THE

ROYAL ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY HOSPITAL,

TO WHICH BENEFICENT INSTITUTION THE PROFITS OF THIS WORK

ARE DEVOTED

BY

HER HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Anderson - 4 May 1934



P R E F A C E.

IN presenting this imperfect work, which is nothing more or less than a disjointed account of events that have happened in the Island, the writer craves the indulgence of his readers, and hopes, if they have patience enough to peruse its contents, they may find among its pages something before unpublished, for this will help him to realise his aim.

“Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!” one hears quoted. The writer trusts he has no adversaries, but many friends, and that amongst the latter he may number those mentioned in the subjoined list, as they have kindly given him much of the information which has led to the compiling of this little work. The author takes this opportunity of tendering them his most sincere thanks :—

Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. W. J. Beckingsale, Rev. R. G. Davis, Mrs. Foster, Mr. Martin Fairclough, Mrs. Harvey, the Rev. C. Heald,

Mr. R. Hills, Mr. R. Hookey, Mr. W. Hughes,
Dr. W. Jolliffe, Mr. J. Jolliffe, Dr. Jeaffreson,
Dr. Whitehead, Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. F. T. Mew,
Mr. Richard Mew, Mr. William Mew, Mr.
Seymour Pittis, Mr. Henry Way, Mr. W. G.
Young.

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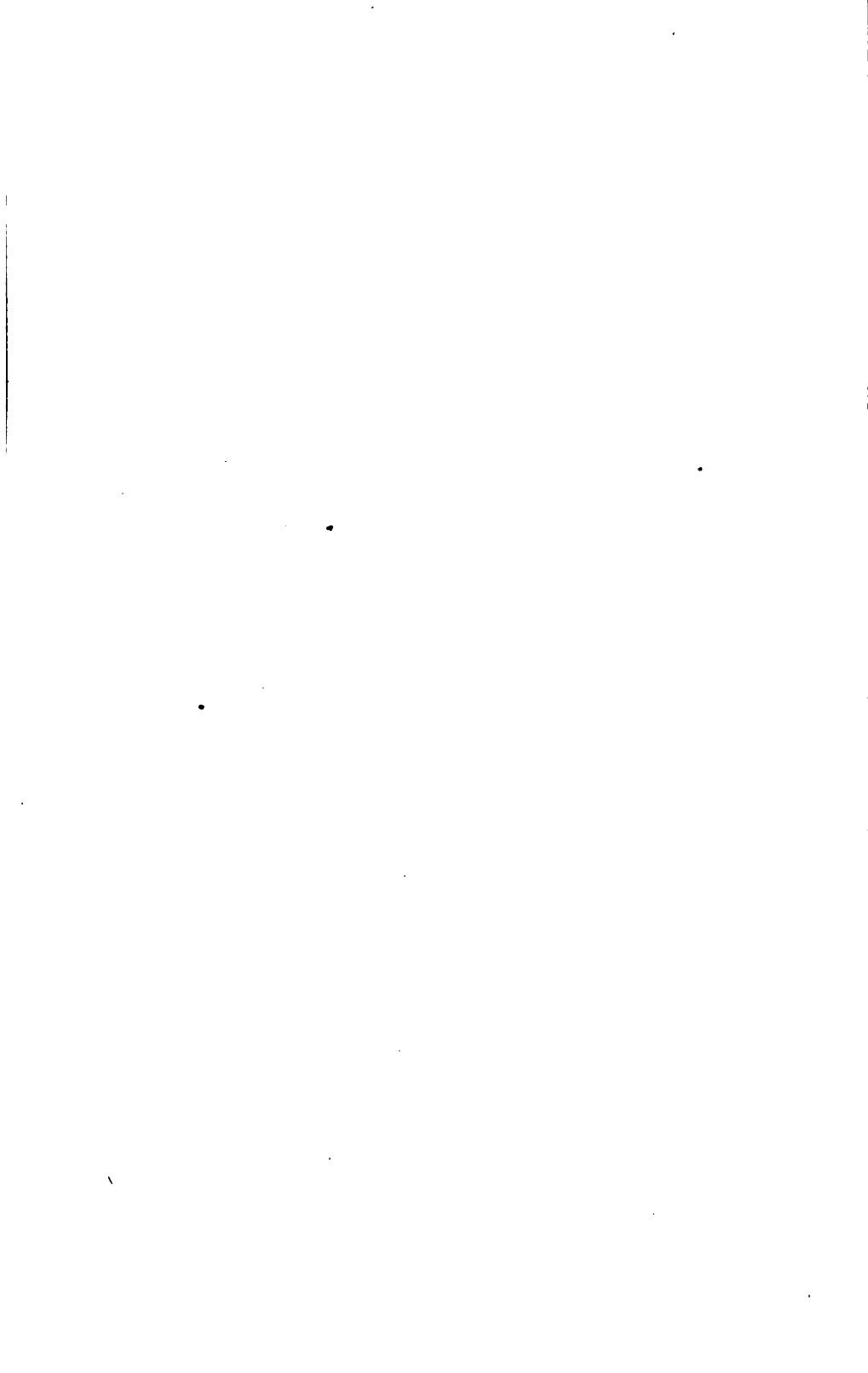
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A DRIVING TOUR IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

RUMMAGING about a few weeks ago amongst a heap of rubbish and dusty old books, I discovered in a cupboard a diary that had been studiously kept by me years ago. It had lain hidden there for a number of years (I am afraid to say how many), and time and damp had faded the ink and discoloured the paper; but upon opening and reading its pages again it recalled to my mind very vividly a visit made to the Isle of Wight when my eyes and legs were stronger than they are now.

When I re-read the pages of that record it gives me new life, and I almost feel a boy again. An antiquarian friend (a native of the Island) and myself were the occupants of a

2 A Driving Tour in the Isle of Wight.

buggy, drawn by a trusty steed, that could accomplish his five and twenty or thirty miles a day, with ease. For some time we had been making preparations for our visit to the Island, Miller wisely insisting upon our taking as little luggage as possible, since we fairly filled the buggy as it was, and we did not wish to overload our generous horse. The latter, by name "Allow Me," was, perhaps, too good ever to have been put in harness, as he had the reputation of being a very fine performer across country. At the time of purchase we discovered how it was he came by his curious appellation. His late master, a Mr. Grey, a fine horseman and very bold, was wont to say when any extraordinary obstacle stopped the field: "Gentlemen, if you please, 'Allow Me,'" and so well did his horse always respond and negotiate the most difficult places, that he became known by that cognomen.

How well I remember the sunny morning of our departure; what spirits we were in, and what an animated conversation we had respecting our plans for excursions in the fair Island to which we were bound. Soon we were passing through our old town of Bromley, with its quaint market-place and hostelry, and thence into the open country between fields and hedges, made joyful with the song of birds and the refreshing scent of the honeysuckle and other flowers.

Miller was a gentleman of deep learning, and, previous to this visit, he had made great researches for information from histories, guide-books, &c., of the Isle of Wight. These did not satisfy him, for he was a zealous antiquarian besides, and had spent considerable time in the library of the British Museum, hunting through its treasures for further knowledge of the Island and its inhabitants in the days of yore.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that I find in my diary many notes of olden times. I had with me, in fact, a walking guide to the place, and one full of the legendary lore and superstitions of its inhabitants.

The days I am writing of were before the shrill scream of the railway-engine and its foul smoke were known in the Isle of Wight, and when all was peaceful solitude compared to the present times of noise and bustle.

We were not long before reaching Croydon, where we rattled through the then picturesque old town, passing the "Greyhound," that favourite hostelry made famous by "Mr. Jorrocks," with its sign stretching across the road on the left, and, beyond, the few remaining Queen Anne mansions, standing behind their high red brick walls and iron gates. Then, leaving the Brighton road, we struck into the Epsom road, reaching that far-famed town in time for an early luncheon.

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Here we remained for some two hours, and then continued our journey via Leatherhead to Guildford, where we again baited both horse and man. A hasty visit to the Castle here—well worthy of more exploration than we had time to give on this occasion—and thence to Godalming, a drive of about three miles, where we rested comfortably for the night at the “King’s Arms.” Here we were well treated, as the dinner was good, also the wine (not that I, personally, knew much about vintages in those days, but Miller said so).

Next morning we were up betimes, and having breakfasted and paid the bill, we started for Portsmouth, which we hoped to reach the same evening. Never shall I forget the beauty of that morning drive. We made an early start to avoid travelling in the heat of the day, and as we left Godalming the bulk of the inhabitants were only just rising. How much better, too, a horse travels in the early morning than in the sweltering heat of the day.

Our route lay through Milford to Hindhead. What a hill for the horse, in spite of our dismounting and walking! We were rewarded at the summit by a magnificent view of the surrounding moorland and the “Devil’s Punch-bowl,” the latter noted for a monument erected to a sailor who was murdered whilst on his road from Portsmouth to London. According to Miller, the murderers were

caught and executed, and afterwards hung in chains on a gibbet close by. It is said that in the olden days the coach-road used to pass so near this spot that the horses often shied at the gruesome objects suspended, and that for this reason it was altered to a lower level.

A little further on we came to a lone-looking old coaching-house, with a panelled coffee-room to recall the past, and a strong smell of cheese, boiled cabbage, and tobacco smoke to remind one of the present. Here many a weary traveller has been right glad to take refuge from the inclemency of the elements, when crossing the "Head" in rough weather.

Proceeding down a long hill, through open country, we find ourselves in a picturesque village, called Liphook, and passing the "Blue Anchor," where George IV. often slept on his journeys from London to Portsmouth, press on to Rake—lovely country, every inch of it, with its fine fir trees, heather in full bloom, and gorse growing on either side of the road in great profusion. About this part it is nearly always dry after a shower of rain, owing to the porous and sandy nature of the soil, and it is for this reason so many houses are springing up, built for people requiring a dry and bracing locality.

Ah ! what weather we had in those days ! They were a type of English summers then, and very few of the present generation have seen the like.

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But onward we go, still through lovely country, leaving the beautiful heather-capped hills in our wake, until we come to Sheet Bridge. So fine was the day that one could almost fancy it was the atmosphere of a country where fog and mist were unknown.

By an early hour we were at Petersfield, and here we stayed for bait and rest, not that there was any particular inducement for a traveller to linger, but our horse was our consideration. The ostler tells us it is about nineteen miles to Portsmouth, and the road good ; both of which pieces of information we find correct, for, without exaggeration, the road resembles a billiard table, so level is it most of the way.

Passing Horndean and Bere Forest, we arrived at Purbeck Heath, a fine open country, with numbers of sheep grazing on its verdant pasture, in unwitting preparation for the adjacent market of Portsmouth. Here we met a stage-coach, which ran from Portsmouth to Petersfield, calling at the intervening villages, and a little farther on we came to Cosham, with its neat villas and diminutive mansions, inhabited chiefly by retired naval officers, who, though shelled, were still jealous of being far from the scenes of their former exploits.

On we drive by Portsea Bridge, with its military dykes, earthworks, and defences, all in first-rate order, the woodwork painted a

sombre slate colour, the soldiers with their red jackets being the only objects to enliven the scene. From thence into noisy Portsmouth, with its busy dockyards and streets full of life and vitality, soldiers and sailors bustling here and there ; in fact, everybody at Portsmouth seems busy and either on the point of embarking for a voyage or just returning from one. What a nautical aroma there is about the town, reminding one of Peter Simple and the Blue Posts.

But we must dine and make enquiries about the horse-boat for our crossing.

Next morning we were again early astir and made our way with horse and buggy to Portsmouth Point, seeing them safely embarked on the boat for conveyance across the Solent to Ryde. In this operation we were kindly assisted by about a dozen sailors, who seemed to have no occupation in particular, and the usual number of idle people on the Point. The latter were content with watching the proceedings, and such incidents seem to be a source of constant interest to them, for, on our return journey, a similar crowd assembled to witness our landing. The captain assured us the passage would not take longer than an hour or so, the wind being in our favour.

On leaving the mouth of the harbour we encountered a stiff-holding breeze and choppy sea, which made poor old "Allow Me" feel the

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want of his sea legs. Our sympathies were with him, as, after shipping a few light seas, we ourselves began to feel very unpleasant sensations. The prospect of Ryde in the distance, pointed out to us by the captain, was, no doubt, very alluring ; but, I think, owing to our condition, we were unable to properly enjoy the vision of the wide-spreading landscape, crowned here and there by its lofty downs.

As usual, when we reached Ryde, it was low tide. (I wonder if anybody has ever arrived there otherwise). The captain suggested he should land us at the Pier-head, as getting the carriage and horse ashore would be a long and tedious business. Acting on his advice, we walked down the Pier, watching as we did so the disembarkation.

It was fortunate we did not drive off the barge in the buggy (as is sometimes the custom), for in running it over the planks used for the purpose one of the wheels slipped off, and the whole concern was capsized, throwing the cushions and luggage into the shallow water and mud. Luckily, the bottom was soft, otherwise the concussion might have been disastrous to our conveyance.

Miller mentioned that years ago the bottom was much muddier and deeper than it is now, and according to him the change was owing to certain tides having silted up fine sand, which

entirely covered the mud, and so made it much easier to land at low water.

There is an amusing narrative told of a wedding party arriving from Portsmouth to be present at the marriage of the daughter of a farmer residing near Binstead. The host had thoughtfully sent down his horse and tumbrel to meet them. The tide was low, and the wherry having approached the shore as close as was practicable, the carter drove out the horse and cart to expedite matters. (This, of course, was before the present Pier was in existence). The party having filled the cart, instructions were given to John to proceed to shore ; but the wheels by this time having become slightly embedded in the soft mud, it was no easy matter for Dobbin to start, and when he did the effect of so sudden a strain caused the pin to slip out and the whole party were shot into the oozy mud and mire. Great was the consternation caused amongst these good folks, who were all arrayed in their best attire to be present at the ceremony of their dear friend. However, they were quickly rescued from their unpleasant position, and, the pin having been securely fastened this time, they were driven to Binstead in their sorry plight, to be fitted out on their arrival in borrowed, but dry plumes, which, if perhaps not quite so smart as their own, were more comfortable.

CHAPTER II.

FIELDING, the novelist, visited Ryde in the summer of 1754, and in his account of the place speaks of the inconvenience of landing at low water. At the time, the poor novelist was in a dying condition; but he writes with great cheerfulness. The only inn at Ryde was kept by a Mrs. Francis, whom he describes as a most disagreeable woman. Her husband, a farmer, was just the opposite, and one of the pleasantest of fellows; "round of figure and round of face, with a smile on it that implied that he wished for nothing, thought of nothing, and scarce did anything or said anything." "So serene and placid a countenance," says Fielding, "I never saw." He was satisfied to reply to every question by saying, "I don't know anything about it, sir; I leave it all to my wife." Fielding quaintly likens the two to vinegar and oil. Of the watermen of Ryde he speaks most disparagingly, saying that unless they could earn enough in a few hours to enable them to get drunk for the rest of the week, they could not be persuaded to go on

board their boats. According to his account, Ryde at this time did not contain more than thirty houses, and in 1665 the population was only two hundred.

One hundred and fifty years ago Ryde was inhabited by a small community of fishermen, who lived upon the shore in thatched huts, the village itself being then built on the top and side of the hill, and known as Upper and Lower Ryde. It is needless for me to mention that Ryde at high and low water are two entirely different places. Previous to 1814 there was no pier, but only a broken-down wooden jetty, of which I have seen an engraving, and which was chiefly used for the landing of goods and embarking the cattle and sheep that were exported to the mainland. The ancient history of the place seems to have been sunk in oblivion, but it is on record that the town stood somewhere about its present position and was known by the name of La Rye. It was destroyed by the French in the reign of Richard II., and where the Pier Hotel now stands was a Watch House, built for the defence of the Island. In 1819 George IV. was entertained at Norris Castle by Lord Henry Seymour, and he then visited his old friend, who by sobriquet was known as the Dean of Patcham, who had come to reside in the town about this time. The latter was contemporary with Sheridan, and they both had incurred His

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Majesty's displeasure, the story of the Dean being as follows : His Majesty, then Regent, was wont to perform on the 'cello, in the art of which he was fairly proficient. It was usual for the Prince, after giving a solo, to call upon his admirers for their opinion of the performance, and all the replies were, naturally, couched in terms of profuse adulation. But one day, after playing, the Prince, in his usual blunt fashion, asked for the Dean's opinion, and was not a little startled to hear the verdict : "A little flat, I think, your Royal Highness." This was quite sufficient, for in those few words the Dean practically signed his social death warrant.

A large amount of smuggling took place at Ryde in olden days, and one favourite method was to hide the contraband goods amongst the washing that was continually going to and from the yachts. It was quite a common thing for any one carrying a suspicious-looking parcel to be asked if he had got any yacht's washing about him.

To continue—I see, under date of June 16th, that we slept the night at Ryde and drove to Brading next day. The road between the two places is charmingly wooded, and, referring to earlier times, it was stated that a squirrel could pass from branch to branch for many leagues at a stretch, so thick was the growth. In 1795, beyond Ryde and Brading, there were so many gates on the road that to drive with any comfort

it was essential to carry an active lad to jump down and open them in advance and thus avoid continual stoppages. The roads then were very rough and hilly, most people eschewing carriages and preferring to ride horseback. There are still to be seen at several of the old manor houses mounting-blocks, which are locally termed "uppenstocks." These were built for the convenience of the dame mounting behind her husband when he rode into market or elsewhere, the ladies sitting sideways on the pillion and holding on to the stout leathern belt around their husbands' waists. Not unfrequently the steed was also loaded up with goods, chicken, ducks, &c., and it was therefore necessary that he should have a good strong back to bear all these burdens. The farmers in the district we travelled through were famed for their cheese, known under the name of "Isle of Wight Rock," on account of the hardness of its nature. There is a good story told, which is perhaps worth repeating, of a certain Island tradesman who bought a consignment of these cheeses, hoping to dispose of them at a considerable profit, but alas ! they remained on his hands in spite of all his endeavours to sell them. After a considerable time he became so wearied of seeing them in stock that he gave instructions to his assistant to place them outside the door of his shop when closing that night. The next morning the shopman in-

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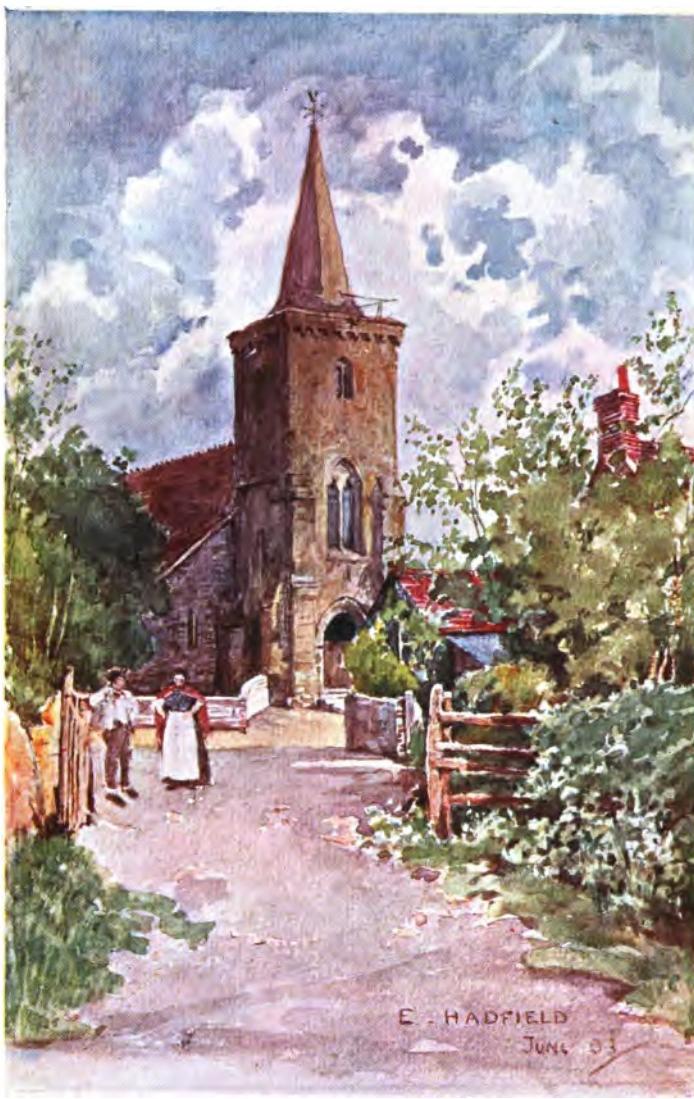
formed his master that two of the cheeses had been stolen, at which news the good tradesman's face brightened, and the next evening he again instructed his man to place the remainder outside as before. But what was his surprise on the ensuing morning to be told that the two which had been taken on the first night had been replaced !

The country around Brading appeared to be plentifully stocked with game, although the keepers complained that poaching was carried on to a great extent.

In olden days such things as foxes, badgers, and polecats were unknown in the Island, and game was strictly preserved, as, during the reign of Henry VIII., a letter of Royal command was forwarded to the Governor, R. Worsley, commanding him to have "diligent regarde and vigilant eye that no man of any degree or condition kill any pesant or partrich, &c.," under the penalty of being dealt with at the Governor's discretion.

By this time we have arrived at Brading, the oldest town in the Island. From all accounts, "Ye Kinge's towne of Bradyng" in days of old was a very festive place, and its merry-making appears to have been carried out in a right royal manner. We noticed that many of the houses were very picturesque, with their lattice windows, low portals, heavy beams, and wainscotting. Some of these had curious iron rings





E. HADFIELD

JUNE 33

BRADING CHURCH.

attached to their outer walls, and for a long time we were at a loss to account for their use, but after a great amount of inquiry we were informed that they were used in earlier days to suspend tapestry or bunting on days of general rejoicing. Round the base of the steeple of the church there is also some iron-work used for the same purpose. In this old tower there is a peal of four large bells that once helped to enliven a town that now, unfortunately, gives one rather a gloomy impression. These bells bear inscriptions of the names of the churchwardens and were cast in 1694 and 1709. It is generally believed that Brading was the first church built in the Isle of Wight.

The place seems to have been the abode of giants, for several skeletons had been dug up over seven feet in length.

In the churchyard is to be seen, too, the grave of Little Jane, the cottager, the child immortalised by Legh Richmond.

In the church itself is the Oglander Chapel, where several fine tombs, erected to the memory of the family, are to be seen. Legh Richmond ministered to his flock in this same edifice ; and the sexton informed us he had held office during his time, showing us in the vestry the surplice worn by that worthy divine. We noticed that it had been torn at the corners and mended, and on questioning the sexton on this subject he told us that Legh Richmond,

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being lame, often trod on the garment, thus tearing it. Now it is no more, as it was given away, piece by piece, to the villagers, who thought that to have their wounds bound up in the remnants of a surplice of so good a man as Legh Richmond meant a speedy and certain cure. Such faith on their part speaks volumes for the reverence and esteem in which he must have been held in the locality.

From thence we went to see the stocks under the market-house adjacent to the church, where Brading youth was amusing itself playing “Tom Tiddler’s ground” on this site of former punishment, reminding one forcibly of Gray’s famous lines—

“Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play.”

There is also here a whipping-post for the accommodation of either males or females, and in a room above these instruments of torture are shown some old weights and measures used in the town in years long past. We also noticed two halberds which had seen service at the time of the Spanish Armada.

Proceeding through the town we came to a piece of ground called the Butts, where archers in the good old times were wont to practice with the cross-bow, and, farther on in the long, straggling street, to the site where, on high days and holidays, bull-baiting was indulged in by the inhabitants. A very substantial iron ring

was fixed in the ground and the unfortunate animal roped down to it and baited with dogs. A hole was made near the spot wherein the bull could put his nose when too much harrased by his tormentors. A book in the Town Hall contains an entry that in 1592 William Smith was amerced 6/- for killing bulls without baiting.

The last record of the so-called sport in the Island appears to have been in September, 1815, when George Bead was prosecuted at the Hants Quarter Sessions for a nuisance in baiting a bull at West Cowes. On his pleading guilty, the Bench dismissed the case, Bead promising not to repeat the offence.

A curious fact regarding Brading, mentioned by Sir John Oglander in his diary, is that during Elizabeth's reign there were several good livers in the town who were able to spend £40 per annum (equal now to about £200). Notwithstanding this, the inhabitants petitioned Parliament to relieve them of the expense of sending representatives, on account of their inability to support them, though the sum required was only 4d. a day for each member.

At the time of our visit the land in the harbour of Brading was not reclaimed, as it is at the present day. There are now about eight hundred acres under cultivation. It had been reclaimed by Sir Hugh Middleton, of New River fame, at a much earlier date, to be inun-

dated again a few years later by the sea breaking over the barrier. This continuing, the breach soon became bigger, and all the labour and money expended on the undertaking were lost. A stone well, probably of Roman date, is reported to have been discovered in the centre of the harbour, which tends to prove that the same catastrophe must have occurred before. This well, however, was filled in, and likewise another in Centurion's Copse.

To one of these is attributed a romantic legend. It was sunk in a forest and yielded water of the greatest purity, but a stone had been placed over the mouth by a great magician to imprison therein a water spirit. The story ran that if the lid were lifted great disaster would occur, as the water spirit would escape. Hundreds of years passed and the well and the legend were forgotten, till, in the days of William the Conqueror, one of his Norman Knights came over and conquered the Island. It was given by the former to one of his followers, Robert Oaklander, who was a great huntsman, and he it was who cut down the underwood so as to be the better able to enjoy his sport. The well was discovered, the lid lifted, and the water spirit escaped.

“The water rush'd out on every hand,
And drown'd the knight and cover'd the land.”

For years the place remained in that state,

and there was a spell upon it, people being frightened to attempt the reclamation.

Whilst viewing the harbour from the landing-stage, we were told by an old sailor that on the other side once stood, in Centurion's Copse, the village of Wolverton. Though not an antiquarian, our informant was as keen upon showing us the remains as we were on seeing them, when told that his remuneration would be half-a-crown. He soon piloted us to the site of the ancient village, and having pushed through a dense thicket of hazel and under-growth, we discovered what, no doubt, were the remains of a number of buildings, which had in all probability been the dwelling places of inhabitants of the Isle of Wight of a much earlier date. There were several mounds overgrown with brambles, and odd pieces of tiles, bricks, and masonry still scattered about; but most of the ruins were carted away to help to build Brading, which is, of course, of a much later date.

However, little or nothing can be definitely discovered about the place; but it was a natural spot for a village, with a well close by, and bones have been dug up on the neighbouring hill, which points to the probability of that being the burial ground of the dwellers of ancient Wolverton.

It is certainly worthy of a visit for those interested in antiquarian matters, and should

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the visitor happen to be there when the under-wood has been cut, no doubt investigation would lead to further discovery.

Tradition says that the town was plundered and burned by the French in 1377.

Some say it took its name from a chapel built by the Lords of the Manor of Wolverton and dedicated to St. Urien; but Sir John Oglander, in his Memoirs, extract of which I append, only confirms this in the first respect. He says: "Saynt Uries at Bindbridge (a chapell now decayed) wase founded by ye Lordes of Woolverton and Milton for theyre ease and theyre tennantes, for in those tymes ye cawsey at Yarbridge wase not erected, so they weare fayne to goe about by Sandam to come to Bradinge. The ruines still remayneth, but I conceive they buried at Bradinge." He further notes that the Glamorgans of Wolverton in Bindbridge are also buried at Brading.

Not far from the ancient town of Brading is Nunwell, the ancestral home of the Oglanders. Sir John Oglander was born in 1585, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, living also in the troublous times of James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth. Like Pepys, he kept a diary, which he began at the age of ten and continued somewhat spasmodically till within eight or ten years of his death, though the greater part of it was written at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The value of its records with regard to the Isle of Wight is inestimable, and it is to be much regretted that so apt an historian did not write a complete history of the Island, especially as from notes afterwards discovered it appears that such was his intention. The death of his son George seems to have affected him so deeply that the work was never begun.

Sir John was Deputy Governor of Portsmouth and also of the Isle of Wight, a true Royalist, and well acquainted with King Charles I. It was doubtless owing to this friendship the King made choice of the Island when he fled from Hampton Court, for, after his arrival at Carisbrooke, we hear of him visiting his subject at Nunwell, where he stayed the night, being presented the next morning with a purse of gold by Sir John. The occasion of the King's last visit was in November, 1647.

Subsequently, for his adherence, Sir John was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and made to pay a heavy fine, and an additional blow was dealt him by the death of Lady Oglander during his incarceration.

Unfortunately, he did not live to see the restoration or to receive the reward of his fidelity, for he died on the 28th November, 1655, at the age of seventy.

I have before me, as I write, an engraving of Sir John, robed in the quaint Stuart dress of

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the period, and in Nunwell House there is a fine oil-painting of him. Also, amongst the valuable collection of relics, there is a watch, a lace collar, and a lock of hair, all property of King Charles I.

The room in which the King slept is called the "Wrought Room," from the fact that it is hung with tapestry. A large collection of deeds and documents relating to the Oglander family, carrying back to very early dates, is also jealously guarded here.

To prove that in those days the Island was a good sporting country in which to reside, Sir John, in his notes, mentions that it was no uncommon occurrence for his father, accompanied by his servant, to shoot as many as forty couple of wild duck in one night in Brading Harbour.

As showing the value of horse-flesh in olden days, I give an extract from Sir John Oglander's notes, in which he speaks of George Oglander, who died in 1567. There is also a reference to hawking :—

" He had a blacke nagge that he dearley loved, and one daye rydinge through London streetes with him cominge home, one offered him £10 for his horse, whych he at fyrist did wonder att, butt his answor wase, if ye horse wase woorthe £10 to him, he was woorthe as mutch to himselfe ; and cominge home he told what a greate pryce he wase offered for his horse, and none or fewe woold beleeve

itt. *Tempora mutantur.* He had Lanoret
that wase bredd in the White Cliff on Bim-
brydge, which was the best hawke, with ye
woorst lookinge to, that was in England, for
they never tooke care of her, but gave her
meate in ye foote, scarce evor tyed her, butt
lett scratch for bones with ye dogges, and
when they came afeyld they cast her of, and
shee woold followe ye doggies and kill what-
soever did rise, partriche, pheasant, bitteron,
hearon, hare, or conie."

From Brading we return to Ryde, putting
up at the Pier Hotel, where we found the
cooking excellent and the beds well aired, two
very necessary adjuncts for one's health and
comfort.

The next day we found our way to Quarr
Abbey, a mile or two distant. This monastic
ruin, of which little or nothing remains, was
once the most important places in the Isle of
Wight. It was inhabited by monks of the
Cistercian Order, known as the white monks,
from the robes they wore.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, the
Abbey was bought by a Mr. Mills, of
Southampton, who pulled most of it down and
sold the materials. Ruthless destruction and
desecration! There were some magnificent
monuments, one being to the Princess Cicily,
and another to Baldwin de Redvers, the
founder of the Abbey, and who is given the

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credit of sinking the celebrated Carisbrooke Well.

The wall surrounding encompassed forty acres, the monks performing the task of agricultural labourers. These holy men, though it is hard to reconcile the fact, were great poachers, and the surrounding country was constantly raided by them.

Even amongst these scanty ruins one could picture them counting their beads and chanting the Magnificat to the swell of the organ as it resounded amongst the lofty rafters of the Abbey Church ; also, with shaven heads, slowly passing down the long cloister on their way to Matins ; and, later, the bell tolling from the adjacent tower to warn them of Evensong.

These and many other fancies has one conjured up whilst lingering amongst these ruins of Quarr. A stream runs through the grounds, which probably supplied the fish-ponds with fresh water, but so much has the place been destroyed that few traces of its former grandeur now remain, except in the imagination.

Some estimate of the greatness of this institution may be gathered from the fact that the leading gentry of the Island were only too pleased to obtain for their sons some appointment in the Abbey, such as steward, &c.

In writing of the place one thinks of the remarks of Sir John Oglander on its ruinous state : " You may see that great Abbey of

Quarr, founded by Baldwin de Redvers, is come now to the pastory of a merchant of Newport. *O tempora, O mores!*"

The name of Quarr was derived from its stone quarries, and Winchester Cathedral, amongst innumerable other places, was built of this stone.

On the seaboard there still can be traced the remains of a landing-place, where goods for the Abbey were disembarked, and at the cross-roads close by a fair was said to have been held weekly in the olden times.

From here we drove to Wootton Bridge, lunching there at a small inn called "The Sloop," bread, cheese, and ale being our modest repast. We then hired a boat and caught a few fish, but neither my diary nor memory helps me regarding species or weight. Perhaps I am thus luckily saved the imputation that generally applies to fishermen of being systematic perverters of the truth.

At Wootton Bridge, as recently as 1773, there died at the age of 96, an old gentleman, by the name of Amus, who remembered having seen King Charles II. whilst the latter was on a visit to Sir Richard Worsley at Appuldurcombe.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT day our way lay over a rather flat and uninteresting country, with the cattle grazing in the marshy meadows, to the little hamlet of Sandown. We had arranged to stay there the night, so as to have plenty of time to explore the beauties of the neighbourhood; and, having discovered a lodging in which, if humble, everything was beautifully clean, we sallied forth for a walk along the broad sands that lay beneath.

In this village, John Wilkes, the politician, came to reside in the year 1788, renting a piece of ground on which he erected a cottage, calling it his "Villakin." Of this he was very proud, as being the first private residence built at Sandham Heath, as the place was then called. The site then occupied by this house is now covered by Mr. Porter's premises at the corner of Wilkes Road. Part of the old building remains and can be seen at the back. The high road now passes close to the house, but in Wilkes's day it was much lower down and nearer the shore, the lawn then being where the road

now is. "J.M." writes from Sandown Barracks in October, 1804: "In the shrubbery of Wilkes's Cottage is a monument, shaded by a cypress and a weeping willow tree, raised to Churchill's memory. It is made of oak, painted white, a fluted pillar, eight feet high and fourteen inches in diameter, and in the centre is a tablet with this inscription :—

'Carlo Churchill
Divino Poetæ
Amico Jucundo
Civi optime de patria merito.'"

This pillar was hollow and used by Wilkes as a wine cellar.

John Wilkes, it may be remembered, was Lord Mayor of London in 1744. He became acquainted with the Isle of Wight through a visit he made whilst quartered at Winchester, when Colonel of the Buckingham Militia. His familiar figure was to be seen walking about Sandown with his red coat, gold facings, and white wig. In his day the military were his only neighbours, and his letters to his daughter give one a good idea of life in the Isle of Wight at that date. He speaks of the kindness of the gentry to him and of his visits to Sir Richard Worsley at Appuldurcombe and the Fitzmaurices at Knighton, where he met Garrick, the actor, and his wife. From his account, the voyage from Portsmouth to Ryde was a tedious one, and the transport of one's goods and

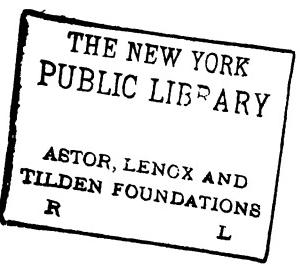
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chattels from London to the Island a very difficult matter in those days. His death occurred in London in 1797 at the age of 70. I might here mention that amongst the caricatures of Hogarth there is one of him.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century (1715), Sandown was the scene of an unpleasant episode, not easily forgotten by its inhabitants. One evening a French privateer stood close into the Bay, within easy reach of the fort, and on the men in the fort naturally running out to know the cause of the ship being so close in land, the gunners on board, without any warning, poured a murderous broadside of canister shot amongst them, killing seven privates and wounding a corporal. The ship then set sail in the direction of Cherbourg.

Within a short walk is the small village of Alverstone. Its old church is now used as a barn on a farm. Few people know of its existence, but the tenant, a most intelligent and pleasant man, pointed out to us the chief features of the building and some of the charred wood that still remained after its partial destruction by fire. I think he told us it was last used in 1784.

It is also a nice walk from Sandown to the Manor House of Yaverland, once the seat of the Russell family. There are some fine oak carvings in the hall and a very massively carved staircase, with grotesque figures.





CRAB INN,

The church, close by, is of Norman origin and is well worthy of a visit. It was erected as a private chapel for the owner of this Manor House and his tenants, and it was in this building that Legh Richmond, the gifted preacher, first essayed an extempore sermon, but failed in his attempt.

After a bathe, we strolled along the hard, firm sand by the sea to Shanklin, being much impressed with the magnificent overhanging cliffs towering above us in places and awful in their grandeur.

Having arrived at the foot of Shanklin Chine, a lovely spot, with its tiny stream of water trickling through its woody course, we at once determined to explore, and as we proceeded within the ravine we were more and more struck by the density of the foliage, especially in such close proximity to the sea, and the sensation of utter seclusion that surrounded us.

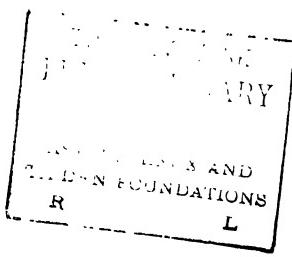
From thence we walked through the village, with its cosy cottages. Even in those days its beauties were well known to the summer tourist, and many pleasant lodging-houses opened their doors to receive them. Here also many celebrated men came to read for their examinations—and where could a more suitable place or a more genial climate be found for such an occupation?

A walk of nearly an hour up the hill and

past the pretty church brings us to the charmingly-situated Luccombe Chine. Here we rested a time to view the grandeur of the sea and cliffs, afterwards descending to the sea-shore. However, fine as are the surroundings here, they are not to be compared with Shanklin.

Just as we were about to return we espied a sailor mending a lobster-pot. He was a man advanced in years and had a pleasant, good-natured face. In course of conversation he informed us that he had lived in the Island all his life and, during his early career, had been a smuggler. He recounted how on one occasion he nearly lost his life. Naturally, I cannot vouch for the veracity of his statements, as sailors are not always credited with telling the truth and nothing but the truth; but for all that they are sometimes misjudged, as in the instance of a certain young seaman who, on returning from China and the Red Sea, told his grandmother that in the first place the natives were in the habit of eating birds'-nests. This the old lady, looking upon it as a regular sea yarn, flatly declined to believe; but when he told her that on hauling up their anchor in the Red Sea they found one of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots hooked on to it, she was quite prepared to credit that. Albeit—to our original one :—

“I care not what the tale may be
I tell it as 'twas told to me.”





SHANKLIN CHINE.

One dark night in November, our friend was on the look-out for a cargo of rum and brandy, which was to be landed in the cove. He had been sitting on a tuft of grass at the head of the Chine for some time, anxiously awaiting its arrival, when he was suddenly accosted by several excisemen, who seemed to have had their suspicions aroused with regard to Luccombe. He bade them "good evening," remarking that he was resting to recover his breath after climbing from the beach. However, as they did not seem inclined to leave the spot, our fisherman, fearing they would catch sight of the signal, which was to be the light of a lantern exposed for a few seconds on the boat, moved off in the direction of his hut, informing them as he did so that he was going to turn in for the night. On arriving home and informing his wife of the occurrence, she (being a woman of resource and evidently not a supporter of the law) conceived the idea of dressing up her better half in female attire. This was soon accomplished, and our hero, arrayed in his wife's clothes, again strolled out into the darkness. He passed the excisemen without arousing any suspicions, and, having reached the shore, secreted himself behind a rock. Here he watched and waited for some considerable time without either hearing or seeing any signs of the boat with the contraband liquor. He durst not return to see if the ex-

cisemen were still there, but he hoped that they had become weary of waiting and had abandoned the idea of capture, at least for that night. In his own case, renewed hope sprang up within his breast when he thought of the value of the prize that was to be landed. At last he was rewarded by hearing the sound of muffled oars slowly approaching the shore. Then, for a second, a gleam of light shone out through the darkness, and again all was black as ink. A minute more, and the grating of the keel on the hard beach was heard, and within a very few seconds the occupants of the boat were heaving over the cargo. In the excitement of the moment all thoughts of watches and excisemen had left our adventurer's mind. There on the beach lay a little pile of kegs, only to be transported a short distance to a cave cut in the cliff and completely hidden by the thick underwood. (These little caves, our narrator informed us, he still used for the storage of his tackle.) They would be safe there for a time at least, until he was able to find purchasers for them. But, hark ! What was that ? A sudden noise and tramp of feet coming down the loose beach. There was no need to ask, as our smuggler friend knew only too well, and the danger of the situation dawned on him at once. Not stopping to consider, he made his way to the underwood and bushes that grew close to the water's edge, hoping, aided by their friendly

cover and the darkness of the night, to avoid detection. Likewise, the occupants of the boat, realising how matters stood, had pushed off from the shore, leaving the tubs to take care of themselves or find some one to take care of them. Their own safety was their first consideration, and justly so, too. But our friend on shore was not to escape thus easily, for one of the excisemen, who had sharper sight than the others, seeing his bulky attire fluttering in the breeze, set off in hot pursuit. The smuggler, hearing some one close on his heels, and seeing that his position was even more dangerous than he had contemplated, made the best of his way up the side of the cliff, followed by the excisemen. It might have been that the pursued was more agile than the pursuer, or had a better reason for exerting every effort ; in any case he was outdistancing the exciseman, in spite of the encumbrance of his wife's clothes. The situation took a decided turn for the worse when he distinctly heard his opponent shout " If you don't surrender, I will fire ! " To use his own words : " It wasn't likely I was agoing to give myself up, as I didn't feel I had got much the worst of it so far, and making him no answer (as I thought it a time not to waste breath), I forged ahead as hard as my bellows would allow. Without any more warning I heard a bullet whiz past my ear—Did you ever have a

bullet whiz past your ear, gentlemen?" We had not. "It's the *curiostest* thing you ever heard—and then that was shortly followed by another that went right through my crinoline. Anyways, to make a long story short, I reached the top of the chine and my hut with my skin whole but as pumped as if I had run a ten-mile race. I was just able to get indoors (my old woman helped me to undress) and jump into bed, when we hears a knocking at the door, enough to break it down. 'Now,' says my old woman, 'you leave it to me—it's my turn,' and walking up to the door (you may be sure she didn't open it) she inquired what they meant by making all that noise in the middle of the night for? A voice replied, he was in search of an escaped smuggler, who had either entered or passed by our hut. My missus, who is the best wife in the world (only she's got a demon of a temper, and no mistake, if you only once fairly rouse her), answered that there wern't no escaped smugglers there, and if he didn't leave off that noise, waking up decent people who had been abed for hours, she'd go and fetch her old man, who, if he once got up, would come out and give him a *smugglering!*" This piece of information seemed to have the desired effect, for the excisemen went off, and our smuggler, although he lost his kegs of spirits, was lucky to escape without anything more unpleasant.

In the times of which we are speaking, the farmers' wine bills were not very heavy—or as far as the wine merchants were concerned—as their requirements were generally satisfied by the smugglers; and purchasers had only to call at houses where they were known to be readily supplied. Hollands could be bought for 5/- per gallon and Brandy for about 9/3, though the latter was decidedly fiery, in fact more like vitriol. My informant's father used to purchase it for making cherry-brandy, there being a large cherry-tree in the garden, which supplied the fruit.

He remembered a ship, laden with sherry, being wrecked off Atherfield. She went to pieces on the rocks, and the casks were washed up from time to time on the shore below the cliff. One of these some ploughmen saw come ashore. They were soon on the spot with a rope, long enough to reach to the top of the cliff, fixed round it, and to this they hitched a team, drawing the cask to the top, where it was placed on a waggon and conveyed to the homestead. There it was sold to the master himself, who proclaimed the wine excellent. As several more of these casks were lost in a similar manner, an exciseman was sent down to stop the pillage, and he, whilst lunching at the house in question, even drank some of the wine. It is therefore safe to infer that he did not get much help in that quarter in the performance of his duties.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER very pleasant day's excursion from Shanklin was to Bonchurch and Ventnor. We first drove to the top of the steep hill above, where, Miller preferring to drive round by the road, I took to foot, striking off at right angles up a narrow cart track, and making my way towards Bonchurch over the Down. It was a lovely walk, and the day being fine and clear a magnificent panorama of scenery presented itself.

I had made arrangements with Miller to meet him in two hours' time at Bonchurch Pond. The narrow lane I found very rough with its deep cart ruts—they were ruts in those days, and would have a disastrous effect on the wheels and springs of conveyances of the present time. I was told that people living in the Island then used to have their gigs constructed with extra wide axles to escape these.

The roads themselves, before the time I am writing of, used to be kept in a most primitive way, most of them being nothing more than cart tracks, and in wet weather it was quite

impossible for light vehicles to use them. Each parish was supposed to keep its own in repair, and stones collected on the land were mostly used for the purpose. One with the worst reputation was that between Newport and Newtown.

But to continue. The lane in question led me straight up to the Downs, through well cultivated fields of waving corn—a refreshing picture in the soft breeze and brilliant sunshine—and to which at the summit a carpet of soft, velvety grass offered a pleasant contrast.

Going on, I soon found myself on part of the celebrated St. Boniface Down, with the beautiful village of Bonchurch below, its thatched cottages nestling amongst the trees and over-hanging rocks presenting a most fascinating picture.

To the right of Bonchurch is Ventnor, and springing up here and there were a few houses, the embryo of that now fashionable watering-place. I could see several fishermen busily mending their nets, and a couple of bathing machines for the convenience of visitors even in those days.

It was said of the fishermen about these parts that if any stray dogs were found they were appropriated by them for baiting their lobster-pots. This seems hard to believe, yet Hassell, who visited the Island somewhere about 1790, speaks of seeing two handsome

pointers tied up in a fisherman's hut with this fate in view.

I lingered here for a time enjoying the extensive view, but at last regretfully tore myself away, remembering that my companion was awaiting me in the village below.

On my descent I visited the once famous St. Boniface Well. Local tradition has it that more than a hundred years ago ships passing the Down were wont to lower their topmasts in deference to its patron, St. Boniface, and the village children, on the feast day of the Saint, repaired to the Well and decorated it with flowers.

There is also a pretty romance concerning it, viz.: "That the wish of any one climbing from the bottom of the Down to the Well without looking back, is granted."

Although I did not feel inclined to put it to the test, I drank of its cool waters and was much refreshed.

Miller I found, as arranged, seated beside Bonchurch Pond, and, although I was half an hour late, he did not remind me of it, so pleasantly, in his case also, had the time slipped by amongst these lovely surroundings.

The Pond was one to catch the eye of the most ardent fisherman, and full of fish. I well remember, in my youth, catching a small basketful at this spot. They did not run big, but the sport was, nevertheless, most interest-

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BONCHURCH CHURCH.

ing to one who was young and fond of the art.

The Pond had been a withy bed years before, and a source of great utility to the fishermen in the locality for making their lobster-pots.

It almost seemed that the dwellers in this village had mutually agreed to leave nature to its own devices, and thus avoid spoiling its natural beauties. Would that it were only so in many other similar spots!

On starting again, we turned down a lane that led to the church. This is considered the most picturesque in the Island, and one is safe in saying that no church has been so often sketched and painted. In the summer it is an unusual thing not to find one or two artists at work here. It is beautifully surrounded by trees, and the position is most romantic.

As I stood in that churchyard, my thoughts reverted to an episode that had occurred there many years before. The narrative may be all the more interesting, as, I believe, it is not generally known.

On Charles the First's arrival in the Isle of Wight he was treated more as a guest than a prisoner, and allowed to ride about at his pleasure. On one of these occasions His Majesty, accompanied by his attendants, was in the vicinity of Bonchurch, and, being so near, it was suggested he should visit the

ancient church, to which he at once agreed. On his way down the shute he overtook a funeral cortège wending its way to the church-yard. His Majesty called a halt and directed one of his attendants to make inquiries respecting the sad scene. On hearing that it was the funeral of Sir Ralph Chamberlain, he at once dismounted and joined the mourners, thus paying a last tribute of respect to one who, during his lifetime, had fought and bled for him, and whose death was indirectly caused by wounds received in his service.

Some of the tombs in the churchyard are of very ancient date, and the interior of the church, although bare, is not uninteresting, from the fact that some mural paintings on the wall are still discernible.

In summer time it is a pleasant place of rest, and the sound of the lapping waves upon the adjacent shore lends an additional charm to the situation.

Hassell, who visited Bonchurch, spoke of having seen several shepherd boys tobogganing down the sides of the down on a rude kind of sledge made from the jaw-bones of a horse.

On this same down we met an old shepherd, with whom we had a long chat. He said he had worked there ever since he could remember, and that his father had told him that in his youth many eagles were to be seen in the locality, a fact which necessitated a careful

watch being kept over the young lambs. The eagles had their eyries in the Culver Cliffs; but there is no record of their being seen after 1780.

We then drove to Ventnor, stopping at the "Crab and Lobster" for a few minutes. This and a small hostelry in Steephill, kept by Widow Groves, who is said to have entertained all the best people of the Island, were the only inns between Shanklin and Niton. The first-named, a most fascinating little house, with its rose-covered arbour, was well patronised by people going to Ventnor, being, in those days, about the only decent place at which one could find accommodation.

Whilst on the subject of hotels at Ventnor I might mention that John Green records that Mr. B. Wild, the builder of the Marine Hotel, walked from London to Portsmouth in a day—a good performance, even for a professional.

One of the first dwellings built at Ventnor was Cove Cottage, I believe, in 1828; and a short distance away was a stream running down into a pool, on which there was a mill. This was at the top of Serpentine Road, which now leads down from Pier Street to the Esplanade; the ground between the latter and Belgrave Road, now occupied by houses, was then called the Chicken Pit, where a few rough huts, inhabited by local fishermen, were interspersed.

After leaving Ventnor we came to Steephill

Castle, one of the most notable houses in this vicinity. It is built in the castellated style, and was erected in 1827 for the Hambrough family.

Ventnor Farm, situated behind the Church of St. Catherine's, was occupied in 1847 by Joseph Hatfield, Esq., and previous to that Lady Frances Tollemach had lived there. She was sister to the Earl of Dysart. John Green says once when her ladyship was away from home, leaving the servants in charge of the house, the cook was frying pancakes and the fat caught fire. She ran out in a fright through the porch with the pan ablaze in her hand, and the flames caught the thatch and set it on fire. It luckily happened in harvest time, and there was plenty of help and water ready to hand, but they could not "put out the fire," as they say in the Island, till the roof fell in. When Lady Tollemach returned, she was very much annoyed because the furniture had been removed out of the house.

Old John Green, then Clerk of St. Lawrence, told also that, in 1843, a familiar figure to be seen walking about Ventnor was John Sterling, the author. He came to the town for the sake of his health, and lodged at a house now called Hillside Boarding House. On his arrival he must have been advanced in consumption, for I understand his features were haggard and sunken, and he was also very thin. Here he

remained till April, 1844, when he became worse, and died in September the same year at the early age of thirty-eight. He was buried in the old churchyard at Bonchurch, and the footstone bears only the initials J.S.

The rural village of St. Lawrence, with its well of crystal water and its diminutive church, is close to Ventnor, and here we halted for an hour or so to make further acquaintance with a hamper that had been thoughtfully stowed away in the boot of our gig. The said hamper was soon opened and the contents discussed, several villagers standing by at some little distance to watch the proceedings, and, no doubt, thinking we were a species of gipsy. Having done ample justice to the meal, we once more restored the hamper to its former resting place, only much lighter, as a natural consequence.

St. Lawrence is the smallest church in the Isle of Wight, some say in England, but it is doubtful if there is not a smaller one in Cumberland or Westmoreland. It is on record that one of the rectors was killed by striking his head against the stone lintel of the north door, which is now blocked up. The accommodation was so limited that I remember seeing a tent joined on to the porch to accommodate the overflow of worshippers, for people frequently walked out from the neighbouring

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village of Ventnor to attend service in this miniature church.

So primitive was life in the Island in days of yore, that did business compel any one to leave his sequestered home to travel to the mainland, it was looked upon as a journey to Australia would be in the present day, and he first repaired to Newport to see his lawyer and make his will.

Doubtless, travelling then was accompanied with a good deal more danger than in the present time.

Sir John Oglander mentions that in 1588 things were in a flourishing condition in the Island ; there was plenty of money in the yeoman's purse, the gentry were full of money and out of debt (a rare occurrence, I suppose, as he notes it), and markets were full and things selling high.

There were no lawyers in the Island in those days, and one attempting to settle appears to have been treated rather unceremoniously, being hunted out of the place with lighted candles attached to his breeches and bells fixed to his legs.

Sir John continues that at that time all lived there so quietly and comfortably that lawyers' services were not only not required, but resented.

Later on, and during Sir John's life, things were not so prosperous, for in 1629 it grieves

him "to see the poverty of the Island; no money stirring, little markets, small attendance of gentlemen and less of yeomen and farmers, cheerful faces very much altered." He goes on to lament that things had changed much in his time, and he attributes the downfall of prosperity, in a great measure, to so many lawyers having settled in the Island, law suits being the result of their being so ready to hand when wanted. He says that in his memory many gentlemen and yeomen had become undone.

Letter writing in 1565 was not a very burdensome occupation, and the Islanders were saved the bother of a morning and evening post, for in those days, as is well known, there were no postal arrangements. Any one desirous of having letters conveyed to the mainland, left them at a certain farm on hearing from the farmer that a man who visited the Island three or four times a month to buy rabbits was expected, and from thence they were taken by him on his return to Portsmouth.

John Green, the old sexton at St. Lawrence Church, whom I have before quoted, was a man with an extraordinary memory, and lived to a ripe old age. He relates that one Sunday the Rev. James Worsley, of Billingham, drove over to St. Lawrence to conduct service. When he arrived at the church he found that the doors were locked, and not being able to obtain

entrance, he went to the sexton's house. Here he found him, sitting in a chair before the fire, smoking his pipe. Mr. Worsley asked him if he didn't think it was time to open the church and prepare for evening service. Thomas answered: "I don't know, Sir, as how it will be much good to go up there, for all our congregation have gone out aboard the dogger." Mr. Worsley pointed out that they must at least open the church, and the service was read; though only to a very small congregation. The clerk, at that time an old man named Thomas Pain, who kept "The Duck" at St. Lawrence, went to sleep during this service, and, waking up suddenly with a snort, exclaimed, "It's no good, they all be gone aboard the dogger." What the feelings of the minister and the congregation must have been, I leave it to the reader to imagine. The church bell came from Appuldurcombe, where it was used as a dinner bell until presented to the church by the Earl of Yarborough.

On the 31st January, 1799, a ship, *The Three Sisters*, a West Indiaman, outward bound, was wrecked opposite St. Lawrence. The weather was the worst remembered by any of the inhabitants. The driving snow clogged the rigging and rendered useless the sails and rudder, so that the ship could not be navigated, the consequence being that she struck on the rocks under Woody Bay. Nine men perished

and were buried in St. Lawrence churchyard ; later ten or twelve men were washed ashore at Steephill Cove in a most distressed condition, having been tossed about for several days and nights on some wreckage, which turned out to be the quarter-deck of a Russian ship that had come to grief on the coast of France—another victim to the same storm.

Between the church and the sea are the remains, known as the ruins of Wolverton, of one of the oldest residential houses in the Island, used most probably as a hunting-box by the Wolverton family, who also owned land at Shorwell and at another village near Brading.

Of these ruins, Sir John Oglander says : “ Not farr from thence to ye southward, on a peece of land, nowe Sir John Dinglies, there appeareth ye ruynes of an other chapell, but what itt wase is nowe utterlye unknowne, only ye tennant to ye land informed me that ther sometimes they teyed beast there, and ye beasts so tyed would sweet and eate no meate as long as they were so tyed, which is strange, if true, and must proceed from some naturoll cawse as is undiscovered.”

Local superstition still bears out this belief ; but, be that as it may, it is interesting, and worthy of a visit by one skilled with the pencil or brush.

I must not omit to mention the beautiful marine residence of the Earl of Yarborough,

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known as "The Cottage." The beauty of its gardens, so enhanced by the natural surroundings and the undulating ground and rocks interspersed, can only be appreciated by those who have visited them. Through the grounds runs a lovely stream, which rises from St. Lawrence Well, and thence, by a circuitous course, over a small cascade, falls to the beach below. There is also, in the same grounds, a mimic fort, erected by the notable Earl, which is bound to catch the eye of the pedestrian as he walks along the public footpath leading to Niton.

In 1793 an attempt was made by Sir Richard Worsley to establish vines in this part of the Island, and a Frenchman (Jean Julian) was engaged from Nantes, who brought with him about 7000 plants, sufficient to cover two and a half acres of ground. The attendant was a very tall man, and reputed to be the most powerful in the village, and for this reason if for no other, he was duly respected by the inhabitants, in spite of his blue smock and wooden sabots.

Sir Richard persevered for many years, but without success, as the soil was found to be unsuitable and the locality in too close proximity to the sea. The little wine that was made was sour, with no body, and had to be fortified by the butler before it was at all palatable.

In 1808 most of the vines were uprooted, but there are a few still remaining to mark the effort that failed.

There is an interesting account of this vineyard in the *Sporting Magazine* of September, 1806.

CHAPTER V.

FROM St. Lawrence we proceeded along the Undercliff—without exception one of the most beautiful walks that can be imagined—until we reached the Cripple Path, the name, I believe, signifying “Crooked Path.”

From here a fine view is obtained to Puckaster Cove, which lies immediately beneath and is notable for the landing of Charles II. on 1st July, 1675, during a great storm.

The following notice is interesting, in that it gives particulars of the King's cruise previous to his landing :—

“ In July, his Majesty made a Sea-progress ; he took shipping at Gravesend, being attended by several Frigats and Yachts, sail'd through the Downs, intending for Portsmouth ; but meeting with bad weather, he Anchor'd on the back of the Isle of Wight, where he was entertained by Sir Robert Holmes, the Governour ; from thence he arriv'd at Portsmouth in the *Greyhound*, where he saw the *Royal James* Launch'd ; and upon the sixth of July toward

Evening returned again by water to White-hall."

A friend of mine, a clergyman, related that one of his oldest parishioners remembered being told by her grandmother that she had seen pilgrims going up the Cripple Path on their way to visit the Shrine of the Virgin at Whitwell Church, distant about two and a half miles.

In the Undercliff numerous stags' antlers have from time to time been excavated, showing that at one period Red Deer were plentiful in the Island. This part also used to be abundantly stocked with game—in fact, the oldest writers always speak of the Island as being fortunate in this respect. In the present day ravens are frequently to be seen in the vicinity.

From the Undercliff we drove to Niton—to the Sandrock Hotel. The latter, at one time a private residence, has since been turned into a house of accommodation for tourists. It has been honoured in having sheltered Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Close by is the celebrated aluminous spring, the waters of which, if people could only be persuaded to try them, no doubt would be as effective as many of the fashionable springs abroad. An innkeeper told us that tea brewed with this water resembled ink in appearance and was a good substitute for boot-blacking,

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but I am not able to vouch for its efficacy in this respect.

A short drive of a mile or two brought us to Blackgang, and on the way we passed a gigantic piece of rock, which, by the instruction of a Mr. Mortimer, had been dislodged by a charge of gunpowder from the overhanging Undercliff some fifty or sixty years ago, being considered unsafe so near the road. According to an eye witness, in its fall it resembled an earthquake, as it shook the ground around for some considerable distance and was expected at every moment to continue its downward course into the sea. However, some rising ground arrested its progress, and now it remains, a lonely sentinel, to mark the spot known as Windy Corner.

The road to Blackgang used previous to the present one was over the Downs by way of Niton, and it was very dangerous travelling in foggy weather.

From Windy Corner to Blankgang Chine our way passed through some wild and majestic scenery, entirely different from anything we had seen before in the Island. It reminded us very much of the mountain scenery in Ireland, and was a decided contrast to the wooded part of the Undercliff that we had just left.

We soon arrived at Blackgang, which is situated on the top of a hill, having St. Catherine's Down as a background and in front a

very fine view of the coast scenery all the way to the Needles. There seems to be a good deal of controversy as to the derivation of the word "Blackgang." Some maintain it obtained its name from a gang of smugglers who infested these parts ; others, that it means "black way, or path." Of the two, I should think the latter is the more probable. This Chine has a most bleak and rugged appearance, and to appreciate its grandeur it is necessary to descend to the beach below, from which point the full effect of the rocks and cliffs above is seen. Bathing here, especially in rough weather, is a very dangerous pastime, and many lives have been lost by those unacquainted with the perilous back-wash of the waves. In one instance, two ladies were walking along the shore when an extra large wave knocked over the elder of the two, washing her out to sea. Her companion, with great presence of mind, waited until the returning wave bore her friend up the beach and then ran out and clutched her hands, and thus saved her from a watery grave.

Years ago great excitement was caused by a rumour that gold had been obtained hereabouts by washing the beach and shingle, and many people living in the neighbourhood repaired thither in hopes of securing some of the precious metal. It turned out, however, that there had been a few pieces washed up after

an unusually heavy sea—doubtless the spoil of some vessel wrecked on the coast years before.

Sharks are reported to have visited this shore, according to the Rev. Warner, who, writing in 1795, says that “the shark is either brought from the Baltic or the tropics. In these cases he comes,

Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds of rank disease and death,”
—no doubt following vessels, as is their custom when there is illness on board, in the hopes of being rewarded with a gruesome meal. They have been shot in the Solent and in the Harbour of Cowes, but their stay is short, as it is thought that they go further westward in search of the droves of pilchards on the Cornish coast.

There was a boat-house near Jackman's Chine, where boats were kept in readiness to assist unfortunate mariners in case of distress.

Above Blackgang, as I mentioned, is St. Catherine's Down, one of the highest points in the Island, being 781 feet above sea level. On it are two old lighthouses the one (St. Catherine's Tower), of octagonal shape, resembling a pepper-pot. This was erected in 1323 by Walter de Godyton, a large landowner, who is supposed to have lived at Gotten Farm, near by. According to tradition it was built by him to propitiate the Church for his dependants having seized some wine, part of the cargo of a vessel wrecked on Atherfield Ledge, and sold it to the Islanders.

The following extract refers to the episode :—

“ Chale, I.W. A wreck, 1314.

“ A ship of Bayone, freighted with white wines of the Duchy of Aquitane, sailing to Flanders, was wrecked here. There was a dispute about the owner of the wines and the ship. A plot was made at Newport by which certain parties conspired to say that the wines were not owned by the claimant. They caused him to be imprisoned at Winchester until according to law he was acquitted.

“ Commission issued by the King to inquire into these proceedings. Patent Rolls, 1314.

“ Dated from Newcastle, May 26, 1314.”

St. Catherine's Tower must have been in a very bad state of repair in the middle of the eighteenth century, as “ A.B.,” writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1756, says: “ From the south view it will be seen that it will soon fall if not repaired. It therefore should be repaired at once, as its disappearance would cause more disaster than the most dreadful hurricane.”

A peasant we met on the summit pointed out Chale Green, about two miles distant, where he lived. He said that it was a sure sign of rain if when looking from the Green you could see the light through the two small lancet windows in the lighthouse.

It requires a strong heart and good legs to

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climb to this lonely spot, and so wind-swept is it that hedges are replaced by stone walls, the coping of which is built of massive cut stone, probably obtained from some old buildings—in any case a laborious undertaking.

What this Down is like on a stormy night, with a gale from the south-west, one can well imagine after being there in an ordinary breeze on a summer's day. It is said that Cherbourg can be seen on a clear day, but I should think it more probable that the land haze is what has been mistaken for the mainland.

The other lighthouse was begun by the Trinity Board in 1785 but never finished, as, owing to the clouds and sea fogs which oft-times envelope the Downs, it was thought that one on the shore would be more serviceable.

At the north end of this Down stands a handsome monument, known as the Alexandrian Pillar. It was built by Michael Hoy to commemorate the visit of the Russian Emperor to the Isle of Wight. The Emperor, when staying at Ventnor, frequently rode over the Down to this spot and so much admired the views that it inspired Mr. Hoy (a Russian merchant living near this spot) to erect this record.

Many a bonfire has been lighted on these Downs—not only in times of joy to celebrate Coronations and Royal marriages, but also in times of danger to warn the mainland of the approach of a foreign foe.

In 1779 there was great excitement when a fleet of merchant vessels appeared in Chale Bay and were mistaken by the inhabitants of Blackgang for the French foe about to raid the Island. John Green relates that the alarm spread until it reached the Rev. Francis Worsley, who was then living at Chale Rectory, and he, thinking it must be the French fleet, sent his servant, William Chessell, with a bundle of straw to set fire to the beacon on the top of Chale Down. It had been arranged by the Government that the lighting of these beacons should be the signal given in case of invasion. The scare soon spread along the whole southern coast, all the beacons being set on fire, both east and west. Green goes on to say that, at the time, his grandfather was in bed owing to a fall from a wheat rick, but he could not be persuaded to allow himself to be carried to a place of safety, saying he would rather remain and be killed by the French. John Green himself went up on the following day to the top of Chale Down, where many people were assembled, and saw the remains of the bonfire.

Before proceeding further, I might mention that the natives say that years ago Shanklin Down could only be seen from St. Catherines' Down, whereas it is now also visible from Chale Down. To account for this, either Week Down must have sunk or Shanklin Down have risen. Also, another feature of interest in connection

with this spot is that on the 25th July, 1588, a naval engagement took place between Howard of Effingham and the Spanish Armada opposite St. Catherine's Down, and there is a representation of this fight on the celebrated tapestries in the House of Lords, in which the crescent formation of the line of battle of the galleons, with the transports in the centre—peculiar to the Spaniards—is clearly shown.

To resume my narrative. Leaving Blackgang, we returned to Niton and visited its ancient church, situated some distance from the sea. This village is generally known as Crab Niton, to distinguish it from that part nearer the coast. Years ago the inhabitants objected to this prefix, as they considered it implied that they themselves were crabbed and ill-natured.

This hamlet, like many others, lies at the bottom of a hill, in about as damp a position as could have been selected; but our fore-fathers seemed more bent on choosing a site with a good supply of water than a healthy and breezy situation on a hill. The church is worthy of a visit, and a medallion by Flaxman is to be found here, dedicated to the memory of Mr. Arnold, of "Mirables." In the church-yard is the base of an old cross, much worn by time and weather. This is a very interesting remnant of by-gone days, and is supposed by some to be the base of a sundial; but there is

little doubt in my own mind that it is an ancient village cross, similar to those frequently met with in Ireland.

A pleasant excursion we made another day was to Appuldurcombe, a magnificent mansion, standing in the middle of a large park, and situated near the village of Wroxall. On our way we passed through a village where the inhabitants were in the midst of merry-making. On enquiry, we learned that they were the labourers employed at Appuldurcombe celebrating the ingathering of the harvest. They were singing songs with great vigour, the gist of the most popular being that they should drink to the health of all farmers and those who followed the plough, for since without agriculture the world would be at a standstill. The ringing chorus was joined in by every one, and, judging from the result, it seemed a familiar one to all.

Appuldurcombe, formerly, was the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, and in his day everything appears to have been kept up in a most princely manner. A large stud of horses was kept in the capacious stables at the rear of the mansion.

The estate came into the Pelham family by marriage with the Worsleys. The latter were much respected in the Island, as besides entertaining in a right Royal manner, they naturally took great interest in the village,

erecting schools amongst numerous other good deeds.

We met an old man in the park, who told us that the Earl, for whom he had worked, erected a signal-station on the downs to enable him to communicate with his yacht as she lay at anchor in Cowes Roads, and it was at this spot that rural sports were held for many years. Henry Sothcott, who lived to a great age (90) and had been pressed into service on board the *Royal Charlotte*, fighting in the memorable battle of 1st June, 1794, under Lord Howe, used to attend these festivities. He died on the 16th May, 1864, and was buried in St. Helens churchyard.

Two teams of magnificent cart horses were kept for transporting goods from Newport to Appuldurcombe, each team on alternate days making a journey thither. It is a depressing sight in the present day to view the decay and ruin of these once well-filled stables and coach-houses.

Since the days of which I write, Appuldurcombe has been used at one time as an hotel, and later as a boarding school, and now it is occupied as a monastery, the monks of the Benedictine Order having recently taken it on their expulsion from Solesmes, France.

Passing through the interesting little village of Godshill, we stopped to visit the church, which is situated on the summit of a steep hill.



GODSHILL CHURCH.

Tradition says the building operations were begun in the valley on a part known as the Devil's Acre, but during the night all the materials were mysteriously carried up to the top of the knoll, and those concerned, taking this for an intimation that the edifice was to be erected on the hill, built it there. In the entrance porch is a memorial tablet to a worthy, Richard Gard by name, who lived in the time of Sir John Oglander. This tablet sets forth his many virtues and generous acts; but Sir John, who knew him, describes him in his diary as a French refugee, shrewd and dishonest, and as having amassed considerable property by various base practices, such as by getting possession of title deeds of estates under colour of examining them, discovering some flaw, and then by base and fraudulent representations driving the parties to a composition advantageous to himself; also by stealing cattle and placing hot loaves on their horns to make them supple, and so render it easy to alter their natural shape, in order to deceive their lawful owner, should he come to claim them.

Sir John Oglander puts rather a different complexion on his deeds to that recorded on the tablet in the church porch. One curious clause in his will was that the stone placed over his grave should be broken to enable him to rise the easier on the Day of Judgment.

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The village of Godshill is noted for its cleanliness and for the pretty gardens surrounding its cottages and homesteads.

Some ancient traveller who ventured to the Isle of Wight in the seventeenth century, in writing of it, compares the scenery to that of Switzerland. It certainly is very beautiful, but this description may be slightly overdrawn. Mr. Hassell, the historian, in the year 1790 made a tour in the Isle of Wight. Driving from St. Catherine's to Freshwater, he notes that they had to pass through nearly fifty gates, having to dismount and cut the ropes that fastened most of them, otherwise it would have been impossible to proceed. This mode of treatment to the gates would hardly be relished by the farmers in spite of their proverbial good nature, and no blame to them. Although we followed much the same route as Mr. Hassell, it is unnecessary to add the gates were treated with proper respect in our case.

On our drive we passed Chale, an interesting though rather bleak-looking village, owing, no doubt, to its exposed position and the absence of trees. The churchyard is somewhat in keeping with its surroundings, but very interesting. There are two large stone box-shaped tombs, and these I am credibly informed were frequently used about fifty years ago by the smugglers as a dépôt for smuggled spirit. Time and age had caused the stonelids to become

detached, so that they were easily raised and thus used to conceal the contraband goods until it was deemed safe to remove them. In the churchyard are some other very ancient tombstones, resembling in appearance those we had seen at Godshill.

It is hard to imagine a more beautiful scene than the setting sun viewed from this churchyard looking towards the Needles. A clergyman rather appropriately remarked to us at the time that it suggested a view of the better land.

Opposite the churchyard was a stable where the first change was made by that good coach that ran between Ventnor and Freshwater in the sixties. How well did the driver handle the ribbons, and with what consummate skill did he nurse his teams up and down the hills along this road !

In the village nowadays is a comfortable little hotel, called the Clarendon, where everything is clean and good and the charges moderate—three recommendations that cannot be given to all hotels in the Island, for, as Miller remarked, we did not always find the charges in accordance with the entertainment offered. This hotel was named after that ill-fated vessel which was wrecked opposite the Chine adjacent and to which I refer again later. Mr. Roberts, the present proprietor, has in his possesion a brass military spur, which was found on the beach after the wreck and recognised as having

belonged to Lieutenant Shore, who perished with his wife and four children on this terrible occasion.

For any one suffering from insomnia, doctors advise Chale as the antidote.

I remember one wet, foggy night, long ago, in December, catching the last train from London Bridge (being very thankful to get into a dry railway-carriage and settle down comfortably with a book) on my way to Chale to stay at "The Clarendon" for a few days. On arriving at Newport it was still raining, but happily there was no fog, and an hour's drive brought me to the end of my journey, where I found an agreeable welcome in the shape of a hot supper awaiting me. Next morning I was quite prepared to find it still pouring and to spend a day indoors, but, to my delight, I was awakened by the happy voices of the school children revelling in the bright sunshine in the playground opposite the hotel ; and so mild was the atmosphere that I breakfasted under the verandah in the open air—and this in December.

But this is coming back to present day remembrances, and I must again consult my diary and give a short account of Chale Bay, as it has the unenviable reputation of being the most dangerous coast on the English seaboard.

Crossing some grass fields we soon reached

the cliffs, where a place of descent is found to the beach at Ladder Chine.

The Bay, which extends from Rocken End to Atherfield Point, is about three miles in extent. When a south-west gale is blowing it is almost certain disaster for a vessel to approach the shore, and for this reason it has been appropriately called by some mariners "The Death Trap." Previous to the year 1838 the number of wrecks was appalling. This was mostly due to the absence of lighthouses at St. Alban's Head and St. Catherine's Point, vessels in bad weather thus losing their bearings. James Wheeler, a fisherman who lived at Brightstone, kept a wreck log from 1747 to 1803, and much interesting matter is to be found in it. As I think it of sufficient interest to the reader, I am adding a copy of its contents, with particulars of other wrecks, at the end of this vol. It will be seen that his list comprises over a hundred, the year 1757 being especially disastrous, as more damage was done to shipping then than at any other time, and on one night alone fifteen ships went ashore, although full particulars of these are not given.

One awful morning, on the 11th October, 1836, *The Clarendon*, a vessel of 350 tons, with 11 passengers and 17 crew, was wrecked here, and although the vessel was within easy reach of the shore all were drowned, with the exception of the mate and two of the crew. So

great was the force of the waves that she became a total wreck in ten minutes.

One writer says: "To see this bay and realise its grandeur it should be visited when the storm spirit sweeps with desolating fury this rock-bound coast, and the howling of the tempest strives for mastery over the roar of the whirl of waters below."

On the 16th April, 1809, the Duke of Wellington embarked at Portsmouth in the *Surveillante*. A strong gale having arisen, the vessel was carried from the Needles almost to Chale Bay, where, for a time, she was in great danger of being driven ashore. It was a fortunate thing for England, as well as those on board, that she managed to weather the gale, as this was the occasion on which the Duke was on his way to the Peninsular War.

The *Lotus* was another memorable wreck, which happened in October, 1862, all the crew, consisting of 14 men, being drowned, with the exception of two. The poor fellows are buried in Chale churchyard, and the sexton told us it was the first duty of Mr. Theobald on his coming to Chale to perform the sad ceremony. Some of the crew of the *Clarendon* are also buried there; others at Newport.

An old sailor told us that he remembered many wrecks. One, he said, was of the *Victor Emanuel*, which came in during a storm at night. Two of the crew, after swimming

ashore, managed to climb the cliff and walk up to the cottages at Walpan, near Pyle, where they aroused the sleeping inmates ; but the latter for some time would not come out to render assistance, fearing they were beset by pirates.

John Green speaks of a vessel being wrecked in Chale Bay in 1799, when he was a lad. The disaster was firmly fixed in his memory as she was laden with raisins, figs, almonds, &c., and for many Sundays after they had plum-pudding for dinner as the result. This, no doubt, is the vessel mentioned in Wheeler's wreck-log that came ashore at Atherfield on 17th December, 1799.

The *Cormorant*, near Ladder Chine in 1887, was another, and a strange incident occurred in connection with this. In the falling darkness a Spanish vessel also went ashore at the same spot and ran into the *Cormorant* as she lay stranded, the consequence being, it is said, that the owners of the latter claimed damages against the Spaniard but were unsuccessful in their suit.

I have often thought, whilst gazing down the Chale Cliffs at the restless waves beating against the shore below, what sights would be revealed if the sea receded there at low water in the same manner as at Ryde, and the innumerable skeletons of wrecks that would become visible, many ships doubtless having foundered in the darkness of the night, unknown to any one.

Apropos of this, a fisherman told us that at certain low tides several big guns could still be seen near the shore, all that remains of an old wreck long ago forgotten. Two or three of these guns they had managed to haul up on to the beach, but not sufficiently high to prevent the sea, jealous of its rights, reclaiming them.

Ancient writers describe most of the then dwellers around this treacherous coast as villains of the deepest dye. They were reputed to be in the habit of plundering vessels after having first lured them to their doom by false lights. "Dead men tell no tales"; but it is hard to believe that such vile-hearted wretches ever existed, who could club shipwrecked mariners as they landed on the beach more dead than alive, solely that they might possess themselves of the clothes and any personal property, however small, that might be found on the bodies of their victims, but it was impossible to bring them to justice, as every one, women included, shared in the plunder; and it was not until the reign of George II. that an Act was passed making it illegal to expose false lights to mislead mariners and cause them to be wrecked, the penalty for so doing being hanging.

Tales are told of old horses being led along the cliff with a lantern attached to their heads and one leg tied up to cause the light to rise and fall and so resemble a ship at sea and thus

allure vessels into this apparently safe anchorage. This does not sound very probable, as it would have been easier for the wrecker to carry the lantern in the hand and make good his escape if detected.

A writer says that even the children were taught, when saying their prayers at night, to end with the words :—

“God bless daddy, God bless mammy ;
Come wind, come storm—
Ship ashore before the dawn.”

One thing, there was no particular reward for saving life in those days.

On one occasion a smuggler and four other men ventured out to the assistance of the *Juno*, a Dutch frigate, and after running great danger of being swamped they succeeded in bringing off in safety all the crew with the exception of three men, who were drowned, only to be rewarded for this gallant deed by a ten-pound note.

Mr. Grimes, who lived at Yafford, Shorwell, and an officer of Customs on one occasion severely punished a man for stealing the luggage of a ship's doctor, and I believe the respectable inhabitants of Chale were so incensed at this man's brutal behaviour that he was forced to leave the neighbourhood.

Blackstone gives a good account in his Commentaries respecting wrecks and the

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question of ownership of goods cast ashore. Of course, the precautions taken in those days against smuggling were not so effective as now, as until 1818 there were no coastguards, and the responsibility fell on the Excise officers, who did what they could to prevent it.

The following extract from the *Hampshire Chronicle* gives some idea of the state of things in these times :—

“ In 1787, two gentlemen were about to embark from St. Helens for a foreign port, and when in the act of leaving the shore in a small boat to get aboard they were set upon by smugglers and robbed of their watches and money, being shamefully ill-treated besides, one having his arm fractured in two places. They were powerless to battle with the marauders at the time, but before discharging their pilot they drew up a deposition. The men were traced and found to have boarded a cutter, which sailed for Cherbourg, where one was captured, though the French authorities declined to deliver him to justice.”

CHAPTER VI.

BUT to continue our journey. Outside the village we came to Chale Green, an open, breezy common, the only occupants of which were a flock of noisy geese, that greeted us after the manner of their kind—apparently with resentment rather than welcome. Beyond we met several children returning from school, and gathering from our short conversation with them, they had more knowledge of locality than orthography. One lad of eight, on being asked by Miller to spell goose, replied “Why, g-o-s-e, of course.” My companion, I am sorry to say, did not correct him, but contented himself with throwing them a handful of coppers instead.

We had previously visited Chale Farm, sometimes erroneously called Chale Abbey Farm. Part of the masonry about the barn is very massive and a source of interest to the artist and antiquarian.

It was our intention to sleep at Newport that night, and consequently, as the days were long, we had a good opportunity of visiting many places on the way.

After leaving Chale Green, we stopped at a small inn, "The Star Brewery," and here we had a glass of ale, which the landlord informed us was twenty-five years old. He showed us an old sword-stick, a gun, and one or two other weapons, claimed by him to have once belonged to smugglers. Much refreshed, we again mounted our gig and drove to the little church of Kingston, a spot prettily situated on rising ground and surrounded by a few large elm trees. In this church is a slab, dated 1435, erected to the memory of the Mews, who, in ancient days, lived at the manor house below. The congregation seldom mustered more than ten or twelve, and one family alone were of great aid to the clergyman in his duties, as the daughter played the harmonium, one son read the lessons, the other lead the singing, their father and mother, with their servants, comprising the best part of the congregation.

The old manor house of Kingston is of the date of James I., and noticeable in the front wall is one of the mounting blocks to which I alluded in an earlier part of the book. The large dining hall contains a fine carved oak mantel-piece, and there was a staff or pike hanging against the wall, which, according to the farmer, was carried by the owner of the land when he visited the farm to show his right and ownership thereof. Between this

house and Kingston Copse is a pool of water, and other indications that at some time a garden existed here. Within the last five-and-twenty years a band of smugglers took refuge in Kingston Copse, and the military were called out to aid in their capture, but before their arrival the law-breakers had decamped.

A short drive brings us to Billingham, once the residence of the Rev. James Worsley, J.P., and Vicar of Thorley, who is buried at Kingston Church, a memorial tablet in the chancel giving the date of his demise as 1841. At Billingham there is an oak china cupboard with a sliding panel in front, and, behind, a recess sufficiently large for three or four people to stand together. Charles I., when at Carisbrooke, visited this house—also then in the possession of the Worsleys—and it was suggested he should secret himself in this cupboard for a time, remaining there until the hue and cry had abated and an opportunity offered for him to secretly leave the Island. The tale goes that the King, having entered the cupboard, found it too small to remain in for more than a few hours, and so the idea was abandoned. Be this as it may, the cupboard still remains and was shown to us when we visited the house. The oak staircase is the finest of its date in the Island, although similar ones are to be found at the George Hotel, Yarmouth, at Nunwell, and at Carisbrooke

Castle. For many years the watch presented by Charles I. to Mr. Worsley was preserved in this house.

The road from Billingham after climbing Bury Shute descends to the village of Chilerton, and on the lofty down on our left we could distinguish several "tumuli." I questioned a man as to what these mounds were. "Well, sir," said he, "they are what we call in these parts 'the humps,' and I am told that the soldiers are buried there as was killed in the Crimea." By the side of the road meanders a never-failing crystal stream, which finds its way to the front of the picturesque old manor house of Sheat. This house contains a fine oak dining-room, with a carved overmantel. The grounds surrounding might be made very beautiful if the mud that has been allowed to fill the natural lake lying below the house were cleared out and other tasteful improvements made.

We next come to Gatcombe House, also formerly a seat of the Worsley family. It is said that when the artist who was engaged by Sir Richard Worsley to illustrate his history of the Isle of Wight visited this place to sketch the house and grounds, he was told by Colonel Campbell, who was then in occupation, that it was his intention to enlarge the lake in the park to double its size. The artist, wishing no doubt to represent this, not only increased the size of the lake in this picture, but painted a

ship in full sail upon it. The Colonel changing his mind, the proposed alterations were not carried out; but the record of his intention still remains in the engraving.

An amusing tale is also told about another resident at *Gatcombe*. As he was interviewing one of the head officials of the Excise on the subject of the prevention of smuggling, which was then very rife in these parts, his butler in the kitchen was simultaneously making arrangements with a notorious smuggler to share in the proceeds of certain contraband goods that had lately been landed at Blackgang.

It is possible that it might have been Dr. Worsley who is referred to, as he lived at *Gatcombe*, and was said to be very energetic in the suppression of smuggling. Old smugglers used to say that, as a matter of fact, he was their best friend, as he always rode at a slow pace on a large donkey with his black retriever preceding him by about a hundred and fifty yards, and when the latter, their guardian angel, in spite of his colour, appeared in sight, they were able to beat a hasty retreat.

The church at *Gatcombe* stands close by the house, and is very picturesquely situated, being surrounded by some fine foliage. A feature of interest within is a wooden effigy of a knight, called, according to the old sexton, who was our guide, "The old wooden saint"; also there

is the tomb of Captain Edward Worsley, the devoted subject of King Charles I., who lived at Widcombe during the King's imprisonment at Carisbrooke, and died in 1702.

Being on our way to Newport, we next visited Whitcombe (as it is now spelt), and were much interested in the place, as it was from here that Captain Worsley, in his endeavours to aid the King's escape, used to signal to Carisbrooke Castle with lighted candles from the windows, there being no trees in those days intervening between the two places. It is also said that the milkmaid who carried the milk to the Castle from this farm acted the part of messenger to convey letters to and from the King and Captain Worsley.

On the night of his attempted escape, Captain Worsley's father and his brother stationed themselves on the roof of the house to watch a small body of Parliamentary troops that were in the neighbourhood, and signal to the Castle should they move in that direction.

The staircase at Billingham, of which I made mention, was very probably removed from this house about the year 1810.

I had a most interesting interview with a gentleman living at Whitcombe, and in the course of conversation he mentioned that a deer-hound, named "Watch," belonging to his father, killed the last stag left in Parkhurst Forest when the order was issued by the

Government to disforest it and divide it into farms. He also remembered seeing three fat bucks hanging up in his father's barn at Youngwoods, near Parkhurst Forest. A large barn stands beside Whitcombe, and this is said to be the centre of the Isle of Wight, instead of Carisbrooke Castle, as is erroneously supposed by some.

Having had our interest the more aroused by our visit to Whitcombe, our next move was to Carisbrooke Castle itself.

There must be very few people who have been to the Isle of Wight without visiting this stately pile, so full of interest, and, one may add, remorse, and its historical associations, as well as its picturesque ruins, make it a strong source of attraction.

Before the Castle was built it appears to have been a Roman station, and traces of the remains of a Roman Villa are still to be seen in the locality. The Castle itself was built by William Fitz Osborne, in the Norman period, the outworks being constructed in the time of Elizabeth and prompted by fears of the Spanish Armada.

Having arrived at the village, where we found good stabling for our horse, we were escorted up the hill by an old guide, who seemed well posted in the history of the place. He sold views and a few other nick-nacks to gain a livelihood, and it was wonderful what a

memory he had for the epitaphs that were to be found in the village churchyard.

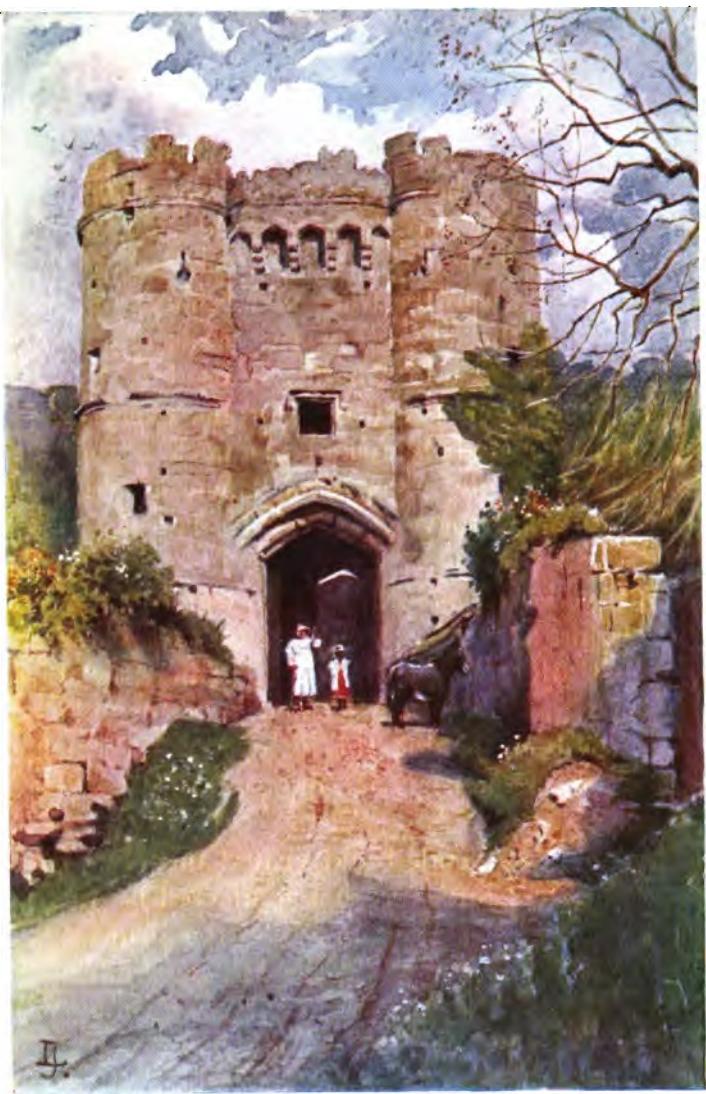
The writer had previously visited the ruins when quite a boy, and well remembered the impressions created in his youthful mind as they approached the entrance to the Castle and rang the bell for admittance. He thought then if he were only the Governor of the Isle of Wight he would live in the Castle and make the dingy old walls fairly hum (to use a modern slang metaphor), as they used to in the good old days ; and how, on entering the Castle yard, they at once repaired to the well-house, looking down into its depths, and asked a hundred and fifty questions of the attendant, almost in the same breath. How deep was the well ? 145 feet. Had anyone ever fallen down ? He didn't know. Might we throw down a stone ? No ; people now were not allowed to even drop in pins, as it tainted the water. How much corn a day did they give the donkey that worked the wheel ? Did the rope ever break and let the bucket fall into the well ? and, if so, whose place would it be to recover it ? etc., etc. The usual routine was gone through of throwing down water and timing its descent, and then letting down a lamp into the well until it floated on the surface of the water. Lastly, the bucket itself was lowered, which on descent bumped against the sides, sending up uncanny sounds.

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CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

Also, how they then begged to be allowed to enter the wheel and perform the donkey's task, and this last request having been reluctantly granted, the writer and two of his young brothers commenced the treadmill-like performance ; and how by the time the bucket had reached the top they felt tired, sick, and giddy—but satisfied.

But to return to the time of my diary. We then made the circuit of the walls, round which we were told Charles I. used to trot rather than walk every day for his exercise. He must have daily risked his neck if they were in the same unkept and dangerous condition then as they were on the day of our visit.

We were next pointed out the window from which his Majesty is supposed to have made his first attempt at escape, but, as the fact of its having a bar missing seemed to be the only corroboration, I think this is open to doubt. However, it answered the purpose well enough.

We then descended and visited the Governor's quarters, and were much affected by the bare look of the room in which the Princess Elizabeth passed away on the 8th September, 1650. Doubtless the apartment was comfortably furnished when she resided there, as it is recorded that the proceeds of the sale of furniture at Carisbrooke, after the execution of

the King, amounted to a large sum. However, its bare appearance now, with its whitewashed walls, helped to stimulate one's imagination, and to create tender feelings for the little Princess, who was found dead there with her head resting on the Bible (a gift from her father), open at the text : "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Much has been written about her, but I think doubtless she must have been of weakly frame, and all the attention and care was bestowed upon her that was possible during her illness, which was of short duration.

We next visited the keep (a rare pull-up of 72 steps). This is the oldest part of the Castle, and from here very fine views are obtained of the surrounding country. Below us lay the village of Carisbrooke, the old Church with its handsome tower and a fine sheet of water fed by a clear stream, adding to the beauty of the scene.

What food there is for imagination in this quaint old fortress, as we recall all the hopes and fears that must have been entertained by Charles I. during his imprisonment ! Judging from his favourite motto, which he frequently inscribed in his books, "Dum spiro, spero," his disposition must have been a sanguine one, but, in spite of this, some of his friends hardly recognised him at Whitehall, before his execution, so grey had his hair turned, and furrowed his brow become.

The tilt yard, used by the Monarch as a bowling green, and the spot where the Princess Elizabeth contracted her fatal chill, owing to a sudden shower of rain, are vividly impressed on my memory. Speaking of the former reminds me of a fatal duel which was fought there on the 1st June, 1813, between Lieutenants Blundell and Maguire, the first-named dying from the effects of a bullet wound a few days afterwards. The combatants were two young officers quartered at Parkhurst. A full account of this tragedy is to be found in the *Sporting Magazine* of that date.

When Charles I., then Prince of Wales, ascended Bowcombe Down in 1618 to view the surrounding country, little did he dream, as he surveyed the fine old Castle below, that he would one day become its inmate as a prisoner.

About two months before his execution, the King, as he was leaving Carisbrooke on his way to Hurst Castle, presented Mr. Worsley with his watch, remarking at the same time, "This is all my gratitude has to give." This watch, to which I have alluded before, was for many years at Billingham, in the possession of the Rev. James Worsley, but now it is at the Castle, having been lent to the Museum by Mr. Francis Worsley. It is of elegant and costly manufacture, being a silver repeater, made by Johannis Bargis, of London, and on the

outer case, which is engraved with flowers, are nineteen pierced sound holes. The value of this relic is no doubt very great, but it is never likely to be sold, as the owner tells me it is an heirloom, and naturally highly prized by the family.

It was said of an old man who acted as guide to the Castle that he always used to ask visitors if they had ever seen him before. On one occasion a gentleman, after replying in the negative, said that he had seen a portrait of some one very much like him in the famous picture, "The death of General Wolfe," representing the scene at Quebec on 13th September, 1760. It turned out that the guide had been present at that famous general's death, supporting him in his arms, and that afterwards he had sat for his portrait in the picture. According to this man, too, it was at Newport that General Wolfe slept for the last time on English shores, at the house of Joseph Fitzpatrick, Esquire, St. Cross, situated near the mill at the bottom of Hunnyhill.

There are still signs left in the Castle yard of the regal way in which things were done in times past ; the old chimneys in the kitchen department, for instance, were commodious enough to roast an ox whole, and doubtless had many times been used for that purpose.

On entering and leaving the Castle the large gates are not opened for the visitor, admittance

being gained through a wicket in this portal. Over the beam of this small exit, on close examination, we discovered a bullet embedded in the wood, which we pictured as having been intended for some person making a hasty retreat, the woodwork luckily receiving the bullet instead.

From Carisbrooke it is a very short distance into Newport, and, before we arrived, the live-stock we met on the roads told us it was market-day. At that time there was a very brisk market at the capital of the Wight, as one could see from the cattle, sheep, and pigs that were being driven out in all directions to their newly-found owners.

We made our way to the "Bugle," a comfortable hotel, notable for having housed the Parliamentary Commissioners at the time of the Newport Treaty with Charles I. The "George" Hotel was the Royalist centre, and so frequently was the King's health drunk here on one occasion that a riot occurred in the town.

Having lunched off a saddle of mutton, cooked to perfection, we strolled through the town.

The first object to catch our view was the ancient Grammar School, and here we asked permission to inspect its historical interior, which was at once courteously granted. The rooms on the ground floor were small, but well

proportioned, one, which was oak panelled, being especially striking in this respect. Ascending to the upper regions, the room used by Charles I. for Divine Service was pointed out to us. Our guide also showed a cupboard, said to have been a favourite hiding place of the King's. We came to the conclusion that His Majesty was sincerely to be pitied if all such tales as are told were true, and this cupboard in particular appeared very uninviting with the smell of its mouldy walls.

After satisfying our curiosity and thanking our guide we issued forth again into busy Newport. In walking through the streets we were much struck with the variety of goods displayed in the shops ; quality, too, was good and prices moderate ; in short, we found it one of the most business-like towns we had ever visited for shopping purposes.

At Michaelmas three Saturdays were called "Bargain Saturdays," and country folk were in the habit of coming from all parts of the Island to attend when they were desirous of obtaining situations for the ensuing year. The men assembled in one quarter of the town and the servant girls in another. You may be sure on these occasions they were all dressed in their best, the girls with smart ribbons in their hats and neat coloured shawls over their shoulders, and the men in their Sunday clothes or clean smocks ; those of the latter seeking

carters' places carrying whips with innumerable brass ferrules, and cracking them occasionally to draw the attention of likely employers.

Generally in August and the two ensuing months dances were occasionally held at the Assembly-rooms in the town, some of the best families in the place attending, but more of these later on. Apparently it was always a gay place and noted for the beauty of its women.

My old friend, Miller, who is learned on these points, drew my attention to a description by Hassell, as follows :—

"There is not perhaps in the kingdom a place where so many lovely girls attend the market as at Newport, and at the same time they are dressed with a degree of elegance far beyond what is usually observable in persons of their rank. You see them, with health and sprightliness in their look, lightly dismount from their foresters, and conveying their baskets to their chairs tender their butter, eggs, and fowls with a grace and ease and complacence, without making use of those arts that are generally practised to procure customers, or even abating the price they ask. On the two principal market-days held here, viz., at Whitsuntide and Michaelmas, it is not uncommon to see thirty or forty of them, all dressed in such a genteel

style and behaving with so much unaffected complacence and dignity that a stranger might be easily led to take them for persons of quality *en masquerade*. The appearance of these charming girls not only excited our wonder and admiration, but we found that they attracted the envy of all the farmers' daughters on the neighbouring coast."

Hassell, after making the above nice remarks about the daughters at Newport Market, rather censured the farmers on account of their too great partiality for the convivial cup.

One of the commodities manufactured at Newport was powder for the hair, and a large business was transacted in this once indispensable article of the toilet. Although most of it was shipped to the mainland, there were many even at Newport who would not think of walking abroad without having their hair freshly powdered.

It may seem strange, but until the middle of the eighteenth century (about 1744) it was not possible to hire a carriage in Newport. John Green speaks of Joseph Derrick, of the Bride-well, as being the first man to have one for hire; and even in 1758, when the landlord of the "Bugle" started a one-horse chaise for the same purpose, people said it would be his ruin. The result seems to have been otherwise, as the following extract from the *Hampshire Chronicle* most probably refers to him:—

"10th October, 1778.

"Richard Prouse and wife, for several years butler and housekeeper to Sir W. Oglander; neat post chaises and good drivers will always be ready to attend ladies and gentlemen in their Island excursions."

Another notice in the same paper speaks of a whimsical inscription placed over the door of Solomon, a Jewish silversmith, of Newport, by which the public were informed that he bought and sold all sorts of gold and silver, honestly acquired *or otherwise*.

The following tale, which we heard whilst in Newport, is, I think, sufficiently amusing to relate:—

Many years ago some old houses were being pulled down in the town, and one of the labourers employed appears to have been so eccentric in his behaviour that he was looked upon by his fellow-workmen as being "half-baked"—an expression in the Island meaning wanting in brain power.

At the spot where he was set to work there was a lot of very finely sifted mould amongst the foundations, and one day he asked the contractor if he might have this for his garden. Having been granted permission, he employed his dinner hour in removing the earth. It was looked upon by his mates as "one of William's mad freaks," and nothing more was thought of it at the time. But later on William began

arriving late in the mornings and showing such general slackness in his work, that he was eventually discharged. This, however, did not seem to upset him much, as he retired into private life and never worked again to the day of his death. It was afterwards supposed that amongst the fine mould wheeled home in his barrow there was a hoard of gold—a true example of “method in madness” in this case.

On the 11th February, 1782, the *Hampshire Chronicle* gives an account of a great disturbance that upset the general serenity of the town.

A butcher from Southampton had married a lady who lived at Newport, and on the evening of their return to her home the butchers of Newport serenaded them, fully expecting to be invited to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, according to the custom of those days. However, to their disgust, they were not asked, being told instead to go away, and, on their persisting, the bridegroom only made matters worse by throwing dirty water over them. They retired discomfited, but returned shortly with cleavers and marrow bones for instruments, the music this time being anything but sweet. This so enraged the bridegroom that he discharged a musket amongst them, causing the death of one and wounding others.

Amongst the celebrities of Newport was

one Frank French, alluded to by Green. He lived at Parkhurst, and used to walk, when a hundred years of age, to Newport and back, but one day after starting on the return journey he was found dead on the road.

In 1582 the plague visited the town with great severity, the Governor of the Island being one of its victims, and dying at his residence, Heasley, near Arreton.

I must now give a short history of Newport Club.

In the olden days the gentry of the Island were wont to meet together on market-days and to dine at the ordinary of one of the many inns or taverns of the town. It was usual after dinner to indulge in a bowl of punch or a bottle of port. So it came about that several old cronies, who could not at all times ensure getting seats at the same table, instituted a club where they could meet and dine. The Club (of which I can find no name) was located at the "Sun Inn," Newport, and was opened on January 10th, 1760. This Inn, at that time, seems to have been a resort of considerable importance, and, judging from the room in which these worthies dined, danced, and sported, it may well have merited its renown. The room is still to be seen, being situated over Read's livery stables, and known as the old Assembly-rooms, though it is now used as the meeting-place of a religious body. There

remains the gallery in which the musicians played sweet music to the dancers below, and the floor still has the reputation of being the best in the Island. The committee used to elect a lady-patroness to preside at the annual ball, and amongst its other supporters were many ladies of high degree. Its roll of patronesses was a lengthy one, as the Club was not abolished till 1820.

I can picture the well-lighted ball-room ; the maids in their high-waisted frocks and coiffure, and the young bucks, some of them in uniform from Parkhurst, others not so favoured, dancing in a blaze of colour ; the chaperones awaiting the return of their charges at the end of the minuet ; whilst around the doorway hung a crowd of county magnates, bemoaning the fact that their dancing days were over ; altogether a pleasing spectacle of old-time revelry, which can never be seen to equal advantage in a modern ball-room.

At twelve o'clock the lady-patroness would be led down to supper by one of the hard-hunting squires, and this was perhaps to them the event of the evening.

Suppers then were rather different functions to those of the present time, and although there may not have been champagne to exhilarate—a full-bodied claret and Madeira generally taking its place—the meal itself was of a much more substantial character. At the

end one or two lengthy speeches usually followed, as the old men looked upon it as their right, whatever the opinion of the younger community, who were longing for the music to start again, might be. Soon, however, dancing would be resumed and carried on well into the small hours of the morning, much to the dismay of the chaperones, who sat with partly closed eyes, longing for the time to come when carriages would be announced. It was not till the faint streak of early dawn appeared that the last of the revelers generally quitted the Club. One of the rules was that members met monthly, on the Tuesday preceding or on the night of the full moon. These dates no doubt were fixed that its members might be able to drive home by moonlight, a very sensible and needful arrangement in days of unlighted and bad roads.

Should any member of the Club absent himself from these proceedings, he was sconzed (spelt sconced now, otherwise fined—a term still used at Oxford), the fine taking the form of half a dozen of claret or port, which was consumed by those members present. Another rule was that all wagers made in the Club were to be in either port or claret, and to be declared at the time—a further source of entertainment to the members present. Also, on the 20th January, every member not dining at the ordinary had to pay for his dinner.

Amongst its members were such well known names as Lord Henry Seymour, Lord Fitz Harris, Sir R. Worsley, Blachford, Barrington, Popham, Oglander, Colonel Campbell, Worsleys, James Jolliffe, Gothers, Leigh.

Mrs. Foster, of Newport, has in her possession the minute book and the corkscrew which belonged to the Club, and the former she very courteously lent me to peruse.

One record in it speaks of a gentleman being sconzed for not having drunk a toast in the prescribed bumper. One shudders to think what that bumper must have been !

The following advertisement bearing on this subject appeared in the *Hampshire Chronicle* of 13th July, 1775 :—

“Sun Inn, Newport,

July 28th, 1775.

“It is thought proper to give Notice that the Island Assembly will be regularly continued every Fortnight, on the Monday evenings.

By Order of the Master of the
Ceremonies,

JAMES SHEATH.

“JAMES SHEATH, Master of the Sun Inn, begs leave to add to this advertisement that he hopes to be excused if he mentions with grateful respect the additional splendour given to his Ball Room by the numerous accession of noble and polite company from the neighbouring towns in the last season, who were

attracted by the Pleasures of the Island or the particular elegance of the Assembly and its most brilliant entertainment."

CHAPTER VII.

I NOW come to that part of my diary which recalls many happy memories in connection with a visit we spent whilst on our tour. Although it is years ago, the kindness we received during that time will never be effaced from my mind.

Our host resided in a picturesque old manor-house, about six miles from Newport, and within an easy walk of the sea. It lay sheltered behind a magnificent clump of beech and fir trees, forming a stately avenue from the outer gates, the whole demesne being surrounded by a red brick wall, the varied hues of which testified to its age. In the latter was a fine specimen of a gateway of the late Tudor period, its stone pillars and open woodwork, and a flight of six or seven steps which descended to the old flag-stone pavement leading to the house, being all of perfect design.

It was here we met with a warm reception from our host, who was mounted on a weight-carrying cob, his wife and daughters making our coming doubly welcome.

The house itself was very interesting, with its old rooms and furniture to match, and it appealed to us directly we were ushered into the hall ; the gun-rack, over the mantel-piece, supporting two ancient blunderbusses ; the ticking of the old grandfather's clock in the corner ; the high-backed chairs, more ornamental than easy ; the corner cupboard containing "brown jugs" used for ale and cider ; and a few sporting prints on the walls, being all in keeping.

Our host, who soon joined us, came of a good old yeoman stock, the little churchyard close by testifying to the number of his ancestors who had lived and died in the parish. He had farmed all his life, and his father and grandfather before him, and was perfectly content with the lines in which his lot had fallen. Honesty, sobriety, and truthfulness were some of his virtues, and owing to the general kindliness of his nature he had no enemies, but was beloved by the village folk and all around him. No wonder his life was one of unceasing contentment !

At half-past twelve we were summoned to dinner by a loud-tongued bell, and gracing the table was a good solid meal, consisting of roast lamb and boiled pork, flanked with spacious brown jugs filled with foaming ale. The latter, in those happy days, we could drink with impunity.

The house, I must not omit to mention, was supposed to possess a ghost, but our host and his family were people of strong nerves, and not given to the spiritualistic tendencies of the present day. It was as well, perhaps, they were so constituted, for it was a place of many memories, although few residents in the Island knew its past history.

Report says that a gentleman of culture and refinement wooed and won the heart of a fair lady, a dweller in this old house when Charles I. was king, but that at a later date there appeared on the scene another suitor, rich, young, and handsome. The lady was fickle, the lover jealous, and of his rival he demanded satisfaction or withdrawal from the field. The latter his rival scorned, but accepted the challenge, and, being newly returned from France, he had been well schooled in the use of the sword. To make a long story short, they met and fought near the orchard, outside the old walled garden, and the lover fell, run through the heart with a rapier. The rival was shortly afterwards drowned at sea, whilst crossing to France, and the fair lady grew wizened and ugly, and no one came for her hand, but the lover still hovered about, with his lace frills, knee knots, and love curls, to make her life one of remorse. Though she is no more, his spirit will not rest, and he cannot dissever himself from his old haunts.

However, it did not disturb our night's rest, as when the evening came, having had a long day with plenty of exercise, we were thoroughly weary, and retired to bed in good time. What sweet lavender-scented bedrooms they had in those days, with their white dimity curtains and bed hangings, harmonising so well with their surroundings!

Next morning I was awakened by the rising sun shining through the blind; and soon the musical sound of the mowers sharpening their scythes and the voices of the carters harnessing their teams told one that farm operations had already begun. Jumping out of bed and throwing open the lattice window, I was just in time to see the cows driven in by a milkmaid for the morning milking. It was a pretty picture, everything in its brightness and freshness forming such a contrast to the noise and bustle of town, and the crisp morning air, scented with the new mown hay, a fine tonic with which to start the day.

Having breakfasted—by the way, a very substantial meal, roast beef being one of the dishes, a good foundation, as our host remarked—we set off for a ride round the farm. We were much amused by the way in which the fowls were prevented from straying out of the rick-yard into the corn fields and destroying the crops. This was accomplished by fixing on their legs a small log of wood, very similar

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in shape to those used on horses for the same purpose.

During our ride we met another landowner, whose property adjoined that of our friend. He was an enormous man, who rode nearly twenty stone, and when out shooting, always had to ride a cob, being unable to carry his own weight for long.

Further on we came across the shepherd, with a wonderful dog, named "Sam"—an old English bobtail—who was very reliable in his work and seemed to understand every word that was spoken to him. There was also a younger dog in training. The shepherd's method was to start when they were puppies, tying them up near the sheep, so that they could see the older dogs working, and according to him it was wonderfully successful. He scouted the idea of having their front teeth extracted, as I believe is sometimes done, saying it was perfectly unnecessary if dogs were properly trained. If puppies showed signs of biting the sheep he muzzled them, and as they grew older and more used to their work the excitement wore off.

As the sheep were on the Down that lay between us and home we had a good opportunity of seeing "Sam" work. Although the sheep were very much scattered, on receiving a signal from his master "Sam" was off, and in about

ten minutes returned with a mighty flock, which he soon had safe in fold.

We then made the best of our way back to the Manor lying below us, with its blue smoke curling up amongst the trees and presenting an atmosphere of calm serenity. As we reached the road we passed the carrier, his coach well filled with people bound for Newport (it was market-day), with their eggs, butter, &c.

Next morning being Sunday, we attended the village church; the bright sunshine, with the bells pealing forth their merry welcome, and several of the villagers dressed in white smocks, their wives also in neat and becoming attire, all helped to make it a typical day of rest in the country. The sermon, if somewhat lengthy, was very interesting, and the service generally bright.

The boys of the village school sat at the back. We could not help being amused at the method employed by the master in keeping them in order. Any youngster misbehaving himself was smartly tapped on the head with a cane of extraordinary length.

The next day was a sad one, as we had to bid "adieu" to our kind host and hostess, and when the time came we were very loth to depart. However, we were soon in our gig, waving a last farewell as we rounded the end of the avenue.

Our way then lay back into Newport, where

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we stopped the night, and the next day we drove to Arreton. The road was good and the country around well cultivated; but the farmers, though well to do, were even then feeling the turn in the course of events which has since proved so disastrous to them.

In visiting the church we were much interested in its many curious memorial tablets and the rickety old pews. The sexton, who took much pleasure in showing us round the edifice, mentioned that his family had held the post for over a hundred and fifty years, and he was naturally well versed in all the points of the place.

At Down-end, above the village, is a small inn called "The Hare and Hounds," and across the ceiling in the bar parlour is a large oak beam, with the initials and date "M.M., 1735" cut in it. Report says this was part of the gibbet on which Michael Morey was hanged for the murder of his grandson in a wood close by. The former was so enraged at the youth bringing him his dinner ten minutes late that he killed him; the just consequence being that he was tried and executed, and his remains hung in chains on the gibbet, which then still stood on the tumulus above the chalk-pit on the Down.

There is a legend that Arreton Down is the abode of good fairies, who lead the lost traveller into his right path again. The origin of this is

probably the numerous fairy-rings that are to be seen on the side of the Down.

Arreton Manor House, one of the Jacobean buildings in the Island, and in the possession of the Roach family for a number of years, stands immediately behind the church; but the best view of it is to be obtained from the farmyard. The architecture is good, the house itself being substantially built, and there are some fine oak carvings inside.

Not far from the village, and under the shadow of St. George's Down, stands a farmstead called Great East Standen, a place of historical interest, though little now remains of it to remind one that it was once the residence for a few years of Princess Cicely. There is a large brick chimney, in which a priest-hole is said to exist—we did not examine it, but this part is probably of the early Georgian period. The Princess was the third daughter of Edward IV., and a sister of the murdered Princes. History of that period is rather scant and confused, and there are few books of the time—probably owing to the fact that transcribing declined before printing came into regular use. This, no doubt, accounts for the absence of full records of the Princess Cicely's residence in the Island. She was born in 1469 and, like all the daughters of Edward IV., was very beautiful. She was firstly married to Lord Wells, a man twice her own age. He died in 1498,

and in 1504 she married Mr. John Kyme, of Kyme Towers, Lincolnshire, who is spoken of by some historians as a man of low degree. Fuller says she married more for comfort than credit, and, tiring of Court life, retired to the Isle of Wight, where she lived but three years, and presented her husband with two children, a son and a daughter, Richard and Margery. Hall describes her as a lady not as fortunate as fair, for she lived not in great wealth. She died 15th August, 1507, and was buried at Quarr Abbey, her funeral being attended by all the knights and squires of the Island and the Lord Abbot, who preached the funeral sermon. A magnificent monument, to which I have referred before, was erected to her memory in the Abbey Church, but this was demolished at the dissolution of the monasteries.

There is a place not far from this spot called Sullons, noted for a stream of water which suddenly disappears into a subterranean channel below, reappearing two miles distant at Pan Down, near Shide.

In 1625, Lord Southampton, the then Governor of the Island, also lived at Great East Standen, and made the bowling green on the top of St. George's Down. Referring to this, Sir John Oglander says : " Every Tuesday and Thursday a meeting of the gentry of the Island took place and bowls were played."

The sites are still pointed out where their horses were stabled and they themselves dined.

The Duke of York when once reviewing troops on this Down lost his gold watch, which was found some time after by Mr. Roach, of Arreton, and returned. The watch, however, still remains in the Roach family, as the Duke graciously sent it back, asking his acceptance of it.

Some labourers, with whom we chatted here, informed us that, although their wages were not high, they were supplied with good cottages and gardens. In the latter they were able to raise sufficient apples and vegetables which, with a pig or two, materially helped to keep them through the year.

A farmer we met, driving a number of pigs through a field, said that pig-farming inland was less profitable than on the coast, where they had access to the beach, as the sand-hoppers, which somewhat resemble a shrimp, at low tide provided a nutritious meal much relished by the swine.

An old writer speaks of the farmers in the Island as being rather fond of moistening their "clays" with copious draughts of potent liquors, adding that there was some excuse for them, owing to the nature of the soil. I suppose in regard to this remark, he alluded to the heavy work and the excessive heat of the summers. In any case let us hope that these yeomen,

whom he met and from whom he drew his conclusions, were not fair specimens of the tillers of the soil in these parts, who, as a rule, compared very favourably with those on the mainland.

The country around St. George's Down is fairly open and well adapted for hunting. Foxes, previous to 1841, were unknown in the Island, and it was an offence to turn one down. These precautions were taken lest they should become too numerous, as it was thought that if once they infested the cliffs and rocky ground, it would be impossible to dislodge them.

Once, a gentleman, living at Newport, owned a tame fox, which he kept chained to a barrel. One day he broke loose and got away to the cliffs at Shanklin, where he remained for some time without attracting any notice ; but, becoming bolder, Master Reynard, after the nature of his kind, one evening sallied forth and robbed a neighbouring hen-roost at Shanklin Farm. In the end he was shot by some sportsman (!), who doubtless then considered it permissible, there being no pack of fox-hounds in the neighbourhood.

At that time falconry was still in vogue. With regard to this sport, history tells us that a fine breed of Kestrel hawks was to be obtained from the Culver Cliffs, and so highly did Queen Elizabeth value them that in 1564 she issued

an edict that great care was to be taken lest these valuable birds should be illegally taken. Hearing that such had been the case, she commanded Richard Worsley, Esquire, to make diligent search after them and for the person "faultie of this stealth and presumptuous attempt." They were principally used for killing partridges.

Knighton, situated not far from Arreton Down, in the midst of trees, near the main road, where the Ryde Waterworks are now established, was probably built in the reign of Henry VIII., and was the finest mansion in the Isle of Wight. Nothing now remains to mark the spot but the stone gate-piers, some of the foundations, and the garden walls. In the latter, in a bricked-up recess, was discovered a skeleton, said to have been that of Sir Tristram Dillington, and this may account for the tradition that the place is haunted. History relates that Sir Tristram lost both his wife and children in so short a space of time that it unhinged his mind and he committed suicide. His steward, on discovering the deed, and with a view of preventing the forfeiture of the estates to the Crown, placed his master's body on his charger and drove the latter into the pool below the house, to give the appearance of his having, in the dark, ridden into the water by mistake and so been drowned.

The villagers still maintain that a headless

horseman is occasionally seen riding about the spot, and that sweet music is heard ; but Mr. Hills, who farmed Knighton, could not corroborate this, though human bones have been dug up on the property.

The Dillingtons were once a very powerful family, and Sir Tristram is said to have driven eight horses in his coach and to have kept up a princely establishment.

The Rev. Legh Richmond gives a good account of this house in his "Annals of the Poor"; and it was there that he first interviewed the Dairyman's Daughter, who was in service there.

CHAPTER VIII.

My diary tells me that on the 23rd we drove to Shorwell. This is, perhaps, the prettiest village in the Island, and had it been located in closer proximity to the sea, most probably by the present time it would have been like Shanklin, overgrown with houses, and to a great extent spoiled, as far as its rurality is concerned. Even of late its beauty has, to a certain extent, been marred by the erection of two or three new houses, but I suppose the softening effect of time will render them more in keeping with their surroundings.

Seen from the downs above, the Church and the fine old Jacobean mansion amongst the trees, with the thatched cottages covered with creepers, formed a very charming group, and fortunately, up to the present, the railway has not spread its octopus arms to this fair spot.

The Manor House of Northcourt, now the best in the Island, with its grounds well laid out and tastefully arranged, was begun by Sir John Leigh in 1629, and finished by his son.

There is a monument to the founder of this house and his great-grandchild in Shorwell Church. The latter edifice is very interesting and well worth a visit. Its oak seats are arranged after the style of an Oxford Chapel, and there is a fresco on the wall, an ancient hour-glass, and a black-letter Bible, all worthy of notice.

In the reign of Edward III. the parish was in connection with Carisbrooke, but a petition was raised by the inhabitants of the former place to sever it, one of the reasons given being that they had to carry their dead for miles to the burial ground, and on the way pass through the water at Idlecombe Lane, which was very injurious to the mourners.

We walked through the old churchyard, carefully treading amongst its moss-grown stones, which mark the resting-place of many an inhabitant of the village long ago buried and forgotten—some rich, some poor, some friends, some enemies, but all now at rest in this ideal burying-place, so quiet and reposeful.

While thus soliloquising, our reverie was broken by the approach of a funeral procession, to remind us there was a present as well as a past, even in these matters. As was the custom in those days, it was headed by a man on a black pony, whose office it was to go in front and open the gates along the line

of route. The mourners were dressed in short capes, covered in crêpe, with long weepers round their hats.

After the service, and when the coffin had been lowered into the ground, one of the mutes provided the mourners with a few sprigs of rosemary—for remembrance sake—which they reverently dropped into the grave; and on returning to the house they partook of cakes seasoned with the leaves of the same shrub. On the following day it was usual to send half a dozen of these cakes, wrapped in a white cloth, to the clergyman, as a memento of the deceased.

We then continued our walk through the village, under the shade of its overshadowing trees, and the farther we went the more were we impressed with its beauty. To add to this effect, it was midsummer, and haymaking was in full swing, as we were reminded by the passing of the wains, almost hidden by their sweet-smelling loads.

Presently we came to the stream that crossed the road itself, and we could not help thinking how much more picturesque it was than spanned by any bridge.

We next visited Wolverton Manor House, another fine specimen of the old places in the Island, situated in a long open meadow near the village. From the outside it is a house of very striking appearance, but within, the upper

stories give one the impression that they were never properly finished.

It was here that Sir John Dingley, whose wife, Lady Jane, the sister of Colonel Hammond, the jailer of Charles I., at Carisbrooke, lived.

In the hall are two large oil paintings of a lady and gentleman, to whom a romance is attached, but in regard to which our informant could only tell us that the knight went to battle and was killed. There is some fine old oak panelling in many of the rooms, but the main hall has evidently been despoiled of this beauty.

One feature of the Island is that most of the old manor houses were built in the reign of James I., when the country was at rest. This is attributable to the exposed position it occupied, as until after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, no one felt it a secure resting place, so open was it to attack by a foreign foe.

Behind Wolverton Manor is some boggy ground, called "Troopers," owing, history has it, to a small company of soldiers having been swallowed up whilst trying to cross it in a hasty flight. A pack of harriers was kept here in the olden times, and one wishes it were so still, as many a pleasant day have I spent hunting the hare around it, afterwards partaking, with the proverbial appetite of a hunter, of the cold repast spread in the fine old hall. Any one

who has seen the view of Shorwell from this house will not readily forget it ; the rising woods and downs in the background ; the smoke curling up from the cottages amongst the trees ; the grey spire of the old church ; and, higher up, the shining chalk pits, surrounded by a belt of beech trees, all helping to make a very pleasing picture. As we were there the merry laughter of the children, just let out from school, enlivened the scene and informed us that it was near midday. Truly the poor wayworn Londoner might well draw a sigh and say "Let me rest here, if only for a while."

Our next road lay to Brightstone, on the way to which is Westcourt—a charming old house. It looked very fine with the shadows from its many ivy-covered gables falling effectively in the morning sun. The lawn, too, reaching from the gate to the house, made it the more characteristic, as there is no proper drive. The soil being dry, and the traffic to the front door not great, the grass does not appear to suffer, whilst it gives the place a very unique appearance.

As we proceed we come to Limerstone, a farm, described in Domesday Book as held by "Ulviet, the Huntsman, assessed at one hide, and two slaves or villains and a wood for enclosure worth 20 shillings."

Situated near is the site of an old chapel which had been erected by the De Lymerstones

about the year 1349. It was dedicated to the Holy Ghost, and three priests officiated according to the canons of St. Augustine.

In a neighbouring field, called "Croffins" as a result of the incident, some stone coffins were discovered by farm labourers, whilst ploughing, proving without much doubt that it had been the burial ground belonging to the chapel. One of these now forms the mounting block to be seen opposite the present farmhouse; and the farm buildings themselves have in their masonry fragments of Quarr stone, in all likelihood taken from the chapel when it was demolished.

But onwards! Along a bleak and treeless road, with high Downs on our right and a fine expanse of sea on the left, we approach the smiling village of Brightstone. Just before entering it and directly in front of us is a large thatched cottage, with a red-brick porch of the Queen Anne period, and this on inspection I discovered to be built with bricks that were evidently of Roman origin. It is impossible to say with any certainty where they were obtained, but as the remains of a Roman villa and buildings were discovered near the Buddle Hole—a spring on the side of the Down, which now supplies Brightstone with water—it is most probable that they came from that spot.

It is not surprising that people who visited the Island in earlier days complained that some

names were not pronounced as they were spelt. Brightstone, for instance, in olden days was spelt "Bristeston," whereas it is now commonly called "Brixton." The church in this village is renowned for having had no less than three Bishops in residence there—Bishops Ken, Wilberforce, and Mobray. In the garden of the parsonage is a yew hedge, which is said to have been planted during the reign of Charles II. by Bishop Ken. The latter, it will be remembered, was the prelate who refused admission to Nell Gwynne to his house at Winchester and at a later date attended the monarch on his death-bed and exhorted him to repentance. It was also in this garden and during the time he held the living—1667 to 1669—that he composed his celebrated morning and evening hymns. Here, too, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce spent the closing years of his life, strolling about the lonely shore and on the secluded downs.

On the churchyard wall may be noticed a gap in the stone coping, where the church gun was erected. It was worked on a swivel, and thus able to sweep the whole of the village street in case of foreign invasion.

This place, like many others, had its village stocks, which stood near the churchyard, having a salutary effect upon drunkards, poachers, and vagrants.

The village is situated about a mile from the

sea and is near to Grange Chine. It is indeed a bright little spot and very cheerful, the beauty of the cottage gardens being particularly noticeable.

Whilst at Brightstone we had the good fortune to witness a very pretty country wedding, one perhaps more in keeping with even older times than those of which I write. It offered, too, a striking contrast to the sad scene we had witnessed at Shorwell on the previous day.

The sun was shining brightly, and the village bells were pealing forth their merry music, whilst around the old church stood a knot of villagers, dressed in their Sunday best, evidently betokening that some unusual event of interest was about to take place. Our curiosity naturally prompted us to ask the cause, and we were told by a peasant in a white smock that there was to be a wedding at eleven o'clock, and that the young couple were shortly expected.

Being out for a holiday, and since time was of no importance, we determined to wait, and well were we rewarded, as the pretty ceremony, in its rustic simplicity, and so well in accord with the picturesque old church, formed a scene that we shall not easily forget.

More people soon collected, and stood about in little groups, talking to each other in

the churchyard, and presently arrived the parson, followed by the clerk.

The bride lived in the village, and the bridegroom evidently was also an inhabitant of the Island, as he rode up on a well-made cob, dismounting at the church gate. A dark blue coat, with brass buttons, and a large white cravat, dove-coloured breeches, with boots and spurs, a hat of beaver and of quaint shape, with a small black band surrounding it; a bouquet of flowers in his coat, and a silver-mounted cut whip in his hand, completed a very smart turn-out; in fact, he looked an ideal bridegroom, with his clean-shaven face and healthy sun-burnt countenance.

As he alighted he was surrounded by the guests and warmly shaken by the hand. He was evidently a great favourite in the neighbourhood, though the match was not at all one-sided, as, besides herself, his bride brought a dowry of £2,000 (no small sum in those days for a yeoman's daughter).

As the hour of eleven drew near, the bride, dressed in white, and accompanied by four bridesmaids, arrived, and was met at the door and led to the altar by her aged father. It was indeed a pretty sight, this country wedding, and what a contrast to the half-hearted functions of this present day.

The ceremony over, the young couple proceed down the aisle to the accompaniment

of the wedding march, and are met at the door by a long line of village children, standing in the churchyard and strewing flowers along their path, whilst the old dames of the village, who have watched the newly-married couple grow up from infancy, shower benedictions on their heads. The bridegroom (thoughtful man) has arranged for a stout white mare, saddled with a pillion, to be brought to the church to convey his wife and himself back to the house. "Snowball" was the name of this good steed, and great care had evidently been taken in her grooming to make her worthy of her name, her bridle being also gaily decked with coloured ribbons, for, as John said, when attending to these duties, "You don't go out a wedding every day, do you, old gal?" The bridegroom having fixed a stout leather belt round his waist for his wife to hold, mounts from the steps in the churchyard wall, made for that purpose, and is shortly followed by his bride, who sits close behind him on the pillion, and as they ride off they are followed by the guests, mounted, some singly and others also onillions, making a fitting ending to the ceremony we had just witnessed. One or two waggons, newly-painted, and with bells on the team's harness, follow, filled with other guests, the parson and his wife being amongst the number. The villagers raise a cheer as they ride away, and

the happy couple, though soon lost to sight by a turn in the road, are followed far on their new career by our heartfelt wishes for many years of health and happiness.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the episode described in our last chapter, from the church we walked to Grange Chine, where the carriage-road descends sharply to the shore. The surroundings here seemed to maintain the continuity of the bright scene we had just left, as the colouring of the sea, with its waves sparkling in the sunshine, and the lights of the stately downs above—the sea-birds curling around—made a beautiful picture.

These downs above Brightstone rise to a great altitude, being well covered with gorse, and when in bloom this has a very pleasing effect. There is a Roman road here, which leads in the direction of Carisbrooke.

On the following day Miller hired two young horses of a farmer in the neighbourhood, and we much enjoyed a good gallop along the shore to Compton Bay. Being so unfrequented a spot, one could ride for miles without disturbing any one.

After ascending from the shore we came to a place called Barnes High, a point of land between Atherfield and Brightstone. Our object was to see the remains of some Roman

pottery works which had once been established here. Whilst examining them we were rewarded by discovering a relic of the past in the shape of the base of a small urn.

Returning to the village we had a frugal lunch at a small inn, afterwards driving to Mottistone. Owing to the barren and wind-swept nature of the country, the road thence is devoid of trees and weird of aspect.

On arriving, our first move was to see the Manor House. The situation is rather unfortunate, as there is a farmyard right in front of it.

This house dates from 1557, and was the abode of the Cheke family, probably connections of Sir John Cheke. The latter at one time was Greek tutor to Edward VI., but subsequently he suffered imprisonment in the Tower, owing to his support of the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, being forced on his release to earn a precarious living by teaching Greek in Strasburg.

Any one visiting this locality should not fail to see Mottistone Longstone, a huge mass of stratified iron sandstone, standing about thirteen feet high and weighing some thirty tons. There are many conjectures by antiquarians as to how and when it came there. One gentleman, whom we met at the spot, suggested it had fallen from the sky, as in America he had seen several similar stones; but we did not attach too

much importance to this opinion. Another suggestion was that it had been placed there as a landmark or boundary stone. Personally, I think Miller was nearer the mark in his conclusion—and he had read up his subject—that it was probably a Druidic funeral stone.

Legend says that it was hurled from St. Catherine's Down by the Devil or some other individual of Cyclopean tendencies, and we did not dare to refute this statement.

In any case, we all agreed that it was a great mystery, and the presence of a similar stone, only much smaller, at a neighbouring place called Blackbarrow, did not help to enlighten us. The latter was originally erected on the summit of a mound, but it has since fallen from its eminence; and now forms a foot-bridge across a ditch.

Having come to the end of our speculations as to the origin of the stones, we found our way back to the church, situated just opposite to the Manor House. Its interior is remarkable, in that the fittings are made of cedar wood, obtained from the wreck of the *Cederena*, which went ashore on the neighbouring coast; and in one of the pillars are some relics of saints.

Until recently the village stocks were in existence near the churchyard, as can be seen from old engravings of the place.

Within a short distance of Mottistone is Brooke, and if any of my readers are ever in

search of quiet and seclusion, let him hie him to this spot, for here he will be at rest. There are a few small houses near the sea, where the lover of solitude can find comfortable lodging; and if he be of a geological mind he can find plenty to occupy him in his walks over the downs and on the sea-shore, especially on the latter, as at neap tides is to be seen a most interesting fossil forest, where the trunks and boughs of trees are easily discernible, and fossilised bones of antediluvian animals may also be found. To the geologist it appears probable that this "forest" was a mass of rafts, carried down in prehistoric times by some great river in flood, which became blocked at this particular spot.

The best time for researches here is about the beginning of April, as then the tide recedes further than at any other time of the year.

Report says that in Queen Elizabeth's reign a Spanish ship, laden with a valuable cargo, including some silver plate, went ashore in Brooke Bay, and the crew, when they saw there was no chance of getting her off, were induced by one of the inhabitants of Brooke to take refuge in his house. Here they were drugged and murdered, and buried in the copse adjoining the church, the murderer afterwards plundering the vessel and burning her. It is said that the skeleton of the wreck can still be seen at neap tides.

A fisherman at Brooke possesses an old oak chair, said to have been washed up from a wreck two hundred years ago, and which he naturally highly prizes.

Brooke House, now the Island residence of Sir Charles Seely, has interesting associations, and it boasts of a fine sea view—a rare thing with houses of ancient date.

In 1864 Garibaldi was entertained here by the father of the present baronet, and at a much earlier period, when in the possession of Dame Bowerman, it was visited by Henry VII., and so well was the monarch entertained that he presented his hostess with his drinking-horn and a yearly grant of a buck from Carisbrooke forest.

A little distance beyond Brooke, on Chessel Down, is a farm called Shalcombe, on which we had heard there was an Anglo-Saxon cemetery. This we went over to explore, and, with the aid of a farm labourer, soon discovered the locality. Beyond that, our guide was not of much help to us, as although we freely plied him with questions the only information we could obtain was that he had heard it was a burying-ground of the old folks of the Island. He did not even know the exact spot.

However, we were fortunate to come across a gentleman of similar tastes to ourselves, who was stopping at a neighbouring house, and he kindly volunteered to accompany us. We

started off along a rough bye-path through some cultivated fields on the side of the down, and within four or five minutes' walk of the main road we came to the cemetery. It appeared that about eight acres of land had been reserved, and at one part the entrance to the enclosure was still visible.

The fact of its being a burying-place was not discovered until perhaps two hundred years ago, and it then only came to light through chalk-digging operations. In those days so little importance was attached to matters of antiquity that doubtless many of the valuable and interesting relics enclosed in the graves were consigned to the lime-kilns and there burnt.

Mr. George Hillier has written a detailed account of his investigation and discoveries on this down, and I would refer those who are interested in these matters to his book.

Since then (about 1858, if I remember rightly) the cemetery has not been disturbed, but from time to time the effect of frost and wet brings down masses of chalk from the top and sides of the pit, revealing hitherto undiscovered graves.

It was the custom amongst the Anglo-Saxons to bury the dead with a great amount of pomp and ceremony, and in every case where graves have been opened ornaments and jewellery of different kinds, such as amulets, rings, bracelets;

and armlets, have been found ; also, in many instances, a weapon, placed near the right hand, and wooden buckets bound with silver bands, originally filled with food—all of these accessories being considered necessary to carry them safely through to “the bourne whence no traveller returns.” Several spoons of rude make, with crystal balls bound in silver, were discovered, and other more valuable articles, which probably signified that the graves from which they came were the last resting-places of chiefs or persons of distinction.

The graves appear to have been about four or five feet deep, some distance apart, but placed without any regard to regularity. It is a noticeable fact, too, that interments were made without coffins.

The British Museum and those at Newport possess many of the relics dug up on this down. Doubtless, too, there still remain a large number of such treasures hidden in the ground and where they are likely to lie undisturbed for years to come, as I learn the lord of the manor has forbidden further excavations. However, this will not prevent the occasional ravages of the weather, which I have referred to before, causing the chalk to crumble away and disclose other resting-places of the ancient people who once inhabited this fair Island, and, perhaps, in so doing bringing home to shepherds tending their flocks on the Down

that they too will some day lie hidden in the churchyard near by, dead and forgotten, as their Anglo-Saxon forefathers have been for centuries past.

CHAPTER X.

WE found that a drive of a few miles from Chessel Down would bring us to Freshwater, and hearing that there was a fine view to be had from the top of Afton Down we decided to take that route. As matters turned out, it would have been better had we kept to the main road.

By the time we reached the summit it was getting dark, and a slight drizzle coming on. This we had not reckoned on, and we therefore pushed on as fast as possible ; but "The more haste the less speed," and in this case the old adage applied, for in our hurry we missed our road and got astray on an unknown down. We looked in vain for the friendly light of a cottage window to make enquiries, as our position, to say the least, was not a comfortable one. Miller, fearing we might drive over the cliff in the darkness, with great consideration suggested that I should accept the unenviable responsibility of getting down and walking on ahead with the carriage light. During my pioneering I fell once or twice, through stumbling over ant-hills or mounds

that formed the resting-place of some ancient Briton, each time extinguishing the lamp, though happily not my own spark of existence, and thereby causing a further delay. After trailing about in this aimless manner for some considerable time, and when the position was beginning to look serious, we luckily ran across a man returning home from work, who kindly directed us into the right track again. But for his timely aid we had stood a good chance of spending a very uncomfortable night, as there was evidently a storm approaching.

Very glad we were to see the lights of the little hotel, and more glad when we found ourselves safely ensconced in the snug coffee room of the "Albion," for we were damp and cold. During the evening the wind increased, howling dismally around the chimneys, rattling the window sashes, and making the very house shake to its foundations. Presently the rain descended in torrents, and vivid flashes of lightning from time to time illuminated the skies, nearly blinding one with their brilliancy; whilst the thunder, which seemed just overhead, was almost terrifying. We ventured to the front door to watch the grandeur of the scene, and truly it was a wonderful sight. We fancied, during the flashes, we saw in the distance a brig battling with the elements, and we were not mistaken, for next day we heard

that she had managed to pass St. Catherine's safely, although for a time there was a doubt if she would be able to weather that headland. The next morning broke with magnificent sunshine, but there was still a heavy sea, running mountains high, the great breakers dashing against the rocks, sending the spray and seaweed high into the air. The poor fishermen were lamenting the damage done during the night, for they had lost a boat, several lobster pots, and other tackle appertaining to their industry. So great was the force of the waves that it had washed down some rude piles and groynes placed there for the protection of the beach, in fact, all round the storm had been a disastrous one for the dwellers at Freshwater.

This village, as I remember it years ago, was a very charming resort at which to spend a summer's holiday, and, like Brooke, provided one required quiet rest and no great excitement, it could not be surpassed. There was also a cheerfulness and freshness about the place that was very fascinating, and anyone running down for a week or two could enjoy the beautiful scenery and pure air without the numberless children or casual acquaintances one generally runs against at most seaside resorts. In 1799 there stood an inn, called the "Mermaid," not far from the shore, which was much frequented by tourists visiting these parts, and, from the glowing terms in which

it was spoken of by them, it must have been a very desirable establishment. The landlord was business-like, his wife charming and obliging, and a good cook to boot, and it was this, perhaps, which so won the hearts of the guests. Wyndham remarks in his book "that he stayed in this charmed spot in 1795, and found they cooked well, and good port wine was to be obtained" (I suppose port was more the national beverage in those days). Another great advantage, too, he mentions—a "moderate bill."

A traveller also told me they could put a good bottle of French wine on the table. The bed-rooms were small but airy, and the landlady (dear old soul), having a son who had caught rheumatic fever through sleeping between damp sheets when away from home, gave the greatest consideration to this important matter. The taproom was a great institution at this hostelry, being frequented by the fishermen and smugglers of the vicinity, and the landlord himself was wont to join his customers with a "churchwarden" and a pot of ale on the long settle that was fixed in front of the inn, holding the village court, and discussing the future of nations, and settling other matters of no small importance—from the tarring of a fishing-boat to the downfall of an Empire. The cobbler in particular was a great politician, and many of the

young aspirants thought that the time was not far distant when *he* would have a voice in the ruling of the nation. When the evenings drew in and became cold, the court was adjourned to the taproom—a very snug little place, with sanded floor and spacious oak settles for the convenience of peasants while eating their mid-day meal. Over the mantel-piece hung a picture of thrilling interest entitled "A wreck near the Needles," in which was depicted, in the foreground, several poor wretches hanging to a drifting mast, and in the distance the vessel being dashed against the rocks. From a beam in the blackened ceiling hung a line, with a ring attached, and on the opposite wall was fixed a board having on it the painting of a bull's head with a hook in his nose. The object of this game of skill, called "ring the bull," was to swing the ring so that it should catch on to the hook, and by means of this game it was often decided who was to pay for the ale. The landlord was a great adept, even being able to accomplish the feat with both eyes shut. Another favourite pastime here was backgammon, a very interesting game, I believe, for those who understand its mysteries.

In winter-time, as the snow fell and the wind whistled in the chimney, strange tales were related over the fire in this room concerning ghosts and hobgoblins, those of one

narrator, a wizened little old man, being especially blood-curdling. He vowed they were all true, and told them with such emphasis that it made the hair of his listeners bristle, and when the time for departure came any who lived out of the village were often loth to leave the warm fireside and genial company, lest they should encounter on their homeward way any of the spirits he so graphically described.

One of these thrilling stories may perhaps interest the reader, though he must make allowances for the effect of the conviviality of the festive season in question on the imagination of our "little old man":—

Years ago, on Christmas Eve, he was returning home about midnight from a farm-house, where he had been treated with the greatest hospitality, and of which he had taken every advantage.

The night was clear and frosty, a slight fall of snow having whitened the ground, and whilst endeavouring to keep in as straight a line as circumstances permitted he was thinking of the pleasant evening he had spent and of the kindness of his host, and possibly of the different kind of welcome he would experience on reaching home, when, just as he was passing the old church, its tower standing out boldly in the moonlight, he thought he heard a shrill scream from the churchyard. Putting his

hand up to his eyes to screen the glare of the moonlight, he distinctly saw, his blood curdling, white figures bobbing about amongst the gravestones, and when he tried to run his legs were powerless, and, to make matters worse, one of the sprites had espied him and was approaching in long, steady strides. He shook all over from head to foot, and threw himself down on his knees, begging for mercy.

At this juncture numerous other sprites appeared, dancing around him in every grotesque attitude, and making him so giddy that he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, until the one who had first appeared, and seemed to be in authority, addressed him by his Christian name, bidding him repair with them to the churchyard and join in a game of puss-in-the-corner. Struggle and protest as he might, it was no good, as, heigh, presto ! one, two, three ! and he found himself in a second over the churchyard wall, right among the gravestones.

Here they once more resumed the midnight orgies he had disturbed, and although he kept asking to be allowed to go home to his wife, who would be getting uneasy, they only laughed and replied :—

“ Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.”

—“ Ha ! Ha ! ” and that he might not have the

chance of joining in their Christmas revels for some time to come (this he devoutly hoped would be the case). Their frolics continued for many, many hours, which seemed to him a lifetime, and he felt so tired he could scarcely stand ; presently he thought he saw in the distance the lights of a gig coming his way, and he tried to shout to attract the driver's attention, but his voice was gone. Then, all of a sudden, in the same way as they had caught him before, heigh, presto ! out of the churchyard (over the tower this time), and into the middle of the road he fell with a crash.

His next recollection was hearing the voice of Farmer Giles, who was returning from a similar entertainment at a neighbouring farmhouse, and who helped him into his trap and drove him home.

"You see," said the narrator, "how white my hair is. The night before that adventure it was raven black, but when I got up the next morning and looked in the glass it was as you see it now."

This tale was afterwards explained by a side wind, as Giles certainly found him lying in the middle of the road, but with distinct traces of the Christmas revelling still upon him, and which, to my mind, satisfactorily accounted for his midnight adventure.

There was also a small bar-parlour at "The

Mermaid," which was used for the better class of customers who called in for a glass of grog, or for sportsmen who were in want of lunch when shooting in the neighbourhood. It was a snug little room, screened off from the vulgar gaze by a red curtain, and having a bay window that commanded a very extensive view of the beach. One could not well be dull in this room, as you could see most of what was transpiring in the vicinity.

What capital walks there were along the beach to the Arch and Stag Rocks, both of them remarkable for their size and shape, and the latter, it is averred, obtaining its name from a sporting incident—a stag leaping from the cliff to this rock. The cliff must have been very much closer to the rock at the time it happened, as it would take an animal of extraordinary jumping powers to accomplish the feat in the present day.

Stags, it is well known, naturally take to the sea, especially when hard pressed, and it is a common occurrence with the Devon and Somerset Hounds. It even happens in the case of the tame deer when they reach the coast in the course of a run, but the two instances I here give of stags swimming the Solent are worthy of notice, as showing the power they possess in the water.

On one occasion, it is related, a stag, hunted

in the New Forest, took to the sea and landed on the opposite shore at Yarmouth.

The other instance is recorded by Sir John Oglander in his Memoirs, extract of which I give. He says :—

“ There was a stag hunted out of the New Forrest into the Island in 1609 and lived many years in the Island. He lay much at Rowbero and in my groundes at Artingeshoote and Whitefield. Ye King had a greate desyor to hunt him but wase diswaded from itt for that itt wase almoste impossible to kill him because on all ocasiones he woold take ye sea. Itt was thought he went into ye New fforest to rutt and retouned agayne. At laste he was killed when he wase oute of season by one Cane, a country fellowe, with a muskett.”

There are more pleasant excursions to be made within easy distance of Freshwater than from any other place in the Island. The caves on the sea-shore, especially, make a capital excuse for a day's picnicing, and many of these recesses have little histories of their own. The “ Frenchman's Hole,” for instance, derived its name from some poor French fugitive who escaped and took refuge there ; though found dead later of starvation. Then “ Lord Holmes's Parlour,” so named from having been frequented by that nobleman, is another cave in the vicinity. His lordship was a *bon vivant*, and

used to entertain his friends here in good style. A suitable place it was, too, in the summer, being cool and comfortable, with plenty of fresh air. There are two small recesses, supposed to have been used on these occasions as kitchen and cellar.

One day, after exploring these caves, we rowed to the renowned Needles, where we found a strong current running, although elsewhere the sea was as calm as a mill-pond. These rocks are well worth a visit, and they doubtless at some time joined the cliff; but the continual wash of the waves, with the help of the current referred to above, has worn away the rock of softer substance. The origin of the name, I believe, was owing to a tapering pillar, some hundred and twenty feet in height, that once stood adjoining. It collapsed in the year 1764, and so great was the displacement of water that it is averred it was noticeable both at Southampton and Portsmouth. The base of this pillar is still discernible at low water.

Sailing between these rocks is termed "threading the Needle," and, according to seafaring people, it is only accomplished with considerable risk, the passage being so narrow that vessels of any size are likely to come to grief. On one occasion a bold pirate, when hotly pursued, succeeded in getting through, although it is needless to say he would not

have attempted it unless driven to extremities.

From the Needles we rowed to Alum Bay, so called from the amount of alum that used to be found on the shore, although now it is never seen. One, Bendall by name, was commissioned to investigate its qualities in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being armed with a warrant from Lord Cecil to Richard Worsley, Esq.

Those who have not visited the Bay have doubtless seen the bottles containing the many specimens of coloured sands and views of the Island manufactured from the same materials.

Talking about this place reminds me that a few years ago, whilst descending the stairs of a station on the underground railway in London, I deciphered in a dirty and begrimed picture-frame the words "Alum Bay." On closer inspection it proved to be a photographic advertisement of an hotel there. At the time the contrast of the two localities struck me very forcibly—the one so pure and open, the other so grimy and suffocating.

Running on to the beach was a chalk cliff with a reef in it, containing some very good specimens of fossilized fern, grape, and fig leaves, and, although not a geologist, I remember spending a very pleasant afternoon collecting the specimens.

CHAPTER XI.

Leaving Alum Bay, we drove to Yarmouth, passing through very rich and beautiful country on the way.

The town, from the sea, with its old-fashioned white wooden pier, so pleasing to the eye in comparison with modern iron structures, and for that reason appealing at once to the artist, the sea-washed fort, erected in the time of Henry VIII., with the old church, surrounded by red-tiled houses and cottages, is a very imposing sight.

Altogether, it is a place of antique and somewhat sleepy appearance, though the ancient castle gives it an air of importance, and unlike any other town in the Island, it has a charming atmosphere of its own.

I regret to say that the so-called "improvements" made of late have sadly altered the aspect of this little place, and although in the locality of the Castle it is much as it used to be, I fear that the ravages of the builder will soon have effaced most of the other traces of its former quaintness.

A soldier, who acted as our guide, told us that under the fort alluded to above, a subterranean passage led to Shalfleet Church, but deeming it unlikely, we did not investigate the matter.

In the year 1629, the inhabitants of the Island, being in great fear of an invasion, and wishing to have a place of refuge in the hour of need, Sir John Oglander, Sir Edward Dennis, Sir William Mew, and three other gentlemen constituted a committee, and posted off to London to obtain funds from the Government for the repairs of the forts and castles of the Island ; they also petitioned for money to make a peninsula at Freshwater Gate, to be protected by half-moons and draw-bridges.

However, in the end nothing came of it, as the necessity did not arise, although at the time the Government made fair promises in regard to the desired funds.

To visit the Yarmouth quay when ships are unloading, one could almost fancy it was a large trade centre.

Years ago there used to be large consignments of cattle conveyed to and from this town and the mainland, and it was one of the sights to see them being hoisted by their horns on and off the vessels. In Yarmouth Roads there is a very peculiar motion noticeable in the water during certain tides, known

as the "Fiddler's Dance," caused by the water passing over the uneven bed of the sea.

Amongst the places of interest is the George Inn, once the residence of Sir R. Holmes, the governor of the Castle. There it was that he entertained Charles II. on two occasions—1661 and 1675. I remember the old house well, with its fine staircase and panelled hall, and that in the garden, at the back of the hotel, we were shown, cut in stone and in a wonderful state of preservation, a coat of arms of Henry VIII., as well as some iron railings, on which it was said that Charles II. leaned when addressing the people. We then visited some underground rooms adjoining the Castle, like cellars, but which, we were informed were dungeons. It was hardly conceivable, and I only remember that they smelt very mouldy.

From all that is said and written about this town, it must at one time have been a place of very considerable importance. History says that it boasted of three churches, and there are still indications of foundations in several places, but as it was more than once pillaged and burnt by the French, this is only natural. For many years there were preserved at Cherbourg three very fine-toned bells, which were doubtless taken from Yarmouth at the time of one of the raids, for inscribed on one was "Eremuth, I. of W." that being the old name of the place.

The following anecdote serves to illustrate the fact that the Islanders of this period were not only men of valour, but generous to boot, and also that the French did not always have matters their own way in their attacks on these parts.

In the reign of Henry V. a large body of Frenchmen landed with the avowed intention of keeping Christmas at Yarmouth, but from what took place subsequently it is fair to assume that they received not only a hot reception, but a sorry one into the bargain, as they retired discomfited. Shortly afterwards, however, they reappeared, this time demanding a subsidy in the name of Richard II. and Isabella, his Queen, but the only answer this provoked was an offer on the part of the Islanders to let them land without molestation, six hours to be allowed them for rest and refreshments, after which the issue was to be fought out. The Frenchmen, however, did not appear to relish the invitation, and declined it with thanks.

The road from Yarmouth to Shalcombe is interesting, in that it still presents much the same appearance to travellers as it did a hundred years ago, the numbers of gates, many dilapidated and sometimes tied up, not having diminished.

Once, when some old houses in Yarmouth were being demolished, the housebreakers

discovered under most of them cellars, which had been used by smugglers, as much lace, tobacco, and spirits were found in them—evidently either forgotten or left there by the latter for reasons best known to themselves.

In 1813 a whale stranded on the Brambles and was killed by a master-gunner from one of the forts on the coast. The carcass, however, floated off, but was recovered a few days later and towed into the harbour, where it proved such an attraction that a record number of people visited the town during the time it was on view.

Formerly, on New Year's Day, bands of children went from house to house singing the following verse :—

“ Wassall, Wassall ! to our town ;
The cup is white, the ale is brown.
The cup is made of the ashen tree,
And so is the ale of good barley.
Little maid—little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door and let me come in.
Joy be there and joy be here,
We wish you all a happy New Year.”

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GEORGE MORLAND.

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE MORLAND.

As we are now at that part of the Island which has been rendered famous by the brush of this celebrated artist, it may not be out of place to here give the reader a brief history of the painter's life and his associations with the locality.

George, the eldest son of Henry Robert Morland, was born in the Haymarket, London, on the 26th June, 1763.

His genius was without doubt hereditary, as he came of a talented stock, his ancestor, Sir Samuel Morland, being an artist of no mean repute, his grandparent and father also following the same profession, though in the case of the latter with indifferent success. "No sooner had the youthful George escaped his cradle," says Allan Cunningham, "than he took to his pencil and crayon, and showed that he inherited art in the natural way." At the early age of five he was producing drawings of sufficient merit to be exhibited by the Society

of Artists and to command a high price, for the public were not slow to appreciate the wonderful talent of this infant genius. His father, who had become bankrupt owing to rash speculations, did his best to press on the boy to further effort, with a view, of which there can be no doubt, considering his son was scarcely in his teens, of himself reaping the immediate benefit. It is hard to come to any other conclusion, as Morland was shut up by his parent and made to work all day, only being allowed his liberty in the evenings. These were generally spent in some low tavern among the crowd of stable lads and loafers—surroundings that were not calculated to imbue him with refinement or add to his moral character.

To these early associations it is only reasonable to partly attribute the after effects, shown in his dissolute habits (inebriety being his special weakness) and his fondness for the society of those much beneath him.

Had he had the good fortune to be surrounded by gentle influences, they no doubt would have had a softening effect, especially if, during his youth, he had led a more natural life and received the benefit of a better education. At the same time, I am afraid his character was naturally only too prone to coarseness and the lower side of human nature.

As he grew older, his father tried other means of keeping him at home, but it could not be expected that so independent a spirit would for long brook such close parental control, and the result was that at the age of eighteen Morland started out to earn his own living, having only his own efforts on which to rely for sustenance.

At Margate, the first place he appears to have visited, his name quickly became known, and many wealthy men sat to him for their portraits, but he soon returned to London and took little or no trouble to complete most of these early sketches.

The character of Morland, bad as it certainly was, still presents features of unusual interest on account of its very complexity. Let the reader carefully study any of those numerous productions, almost snatched from Nature's garden, with which the nation has been enriched by the prolific brush of this master-hand, and what does he find? Marvellous execution, consummate art, and realisation; in fact, every quality, perhaps, save one—imaginative ideal. This last, it may be said, one would scarcely expect in a man of his disposition, and the only wonder is that we find so many different phases of merit in a character which, while imbued with such natural genius and refinement of art, could

descend to such depths of degradation and immorality as we know him to have reached.

Never were a man's tastes and habits more out of sympathy with his artistic feeling, but the extraordinary fact remains that not only did his habitual intemperance and debauchery produce no deadening effect on his genius, but they even seemed to stimulate it to further and more polished efforts. It is calculated that he produced more than four thousand sketches, most of which formed the subjects of pictures, a record which, when it is remembered that the artist died in a sponging-house at the early age of 42, removes all doubts as to his industry.

By birth a gentleman, by nature a profligate, and by merit a genius, this singular character called forth an immense amount of enquiry and interest, as is shown by the fact that since his death he has had no less than half a dozen biographers.

At a fairly early age he married the sister of James Ward (also known as a painter of repute), and the latter married Morland's sister.

The writer's father was a great admirer of the works of both, and a personal friend of Ward's.

Ward, who was Morland's junior by six years, studied a great deal with him, although, outside art, they do not appear to have had much in common, their characters being

widely different. To this association is no doubt due the similarity in their style ; and it is a good reason for the amateur critic to confuse the works of the two, especially in some of Ward's best productions, his farmyard scenes in particular. No painter, at that period, was more copied than Morland ; but so easy and flowing is his style that it should not be a difficult matter for any one sufficiently well versed in art to distinguish a copy from an original.

Some people maintain that his works were not rightly appreciated during his lifetime, but this was not the case, as there were always eager buyers of them. This is corroborated by Blagdon in his Life of the Artist.

After leaving home, Morland appears to have acquired a taste for sport in various directions, hunting, shooting, fishing, and sailing being amongst the number. He was very fond of riding, though not a good horseman—report says the worst seen in the Row—but for all that on one or two occasions he rode races. His accomplishments were varied, as he is also spoken of as a musician.

We now come to that part of Morland's career which is full of association with the Isle of Wight. Blagdon tells us that as the painter perceived his abilities were rapidly gaining in public estimation, it made him all the more anxious to take his subjects from nature in her

most lovely garb, and it was with this object that he made his frequent visits to the Island, especially during the summer months. His pictures are replete with the scenery of this lovely spot, and there is scarcely a part along the shore at the back of the Island on which his talents have not been exercised. It is almost impossible to fix the dates of his visits, but in 1789 he is known to have executed some very clever works there.

He delighted in coaching, and was therefore ever anxious for a journey from London to Portsmouth, via Guildford and Petersfield, and through the lovely country I have before described. He would occupy the box-seat and chat to the drivers, and great was his pleasure in treating them to gin at the many inns they passed *en route*.

These were the happy times of his life, and before he was harassed by creditors, duns, and sheriff's officers—the cause afterwards of many a hurried visit to the Island, as in those days there was perhaps no better spot to select for a hiding place.

The picture dealers, in later days, were in the habit of advancing him what money he asked for, knowing full well that they would get more than good value in return. When they wanted some of his productions they would hurry him off to the Island, under the pretence that he was wanted by his creditors. After a time he

used to set them at defiance, and even when in the clutches of the myrmidons of the law went so far as to make his captors agents for the sale of his works in a new, though probably not more advantageous, market.

He seems to have left various traces of his sojournings in the Island itself, two instances, as examples, being the painting of the signs of inns—one of "The Horse and Groom" at Shalfleet, the other of "The Fighting Cocks" at Hale Common, so named on account of the game cocks kept in the village by Mr. Thatcher, senr. Into the latter the painter introduced portraits of local farmers—Roach of Arreton and Hills of Horringford (great-uncle of Mr. Hills, who now lives at Alverstone). One windy day this sign was blown down, and although taken possession of by Mr. Hills at the time, it was ultimately lost or broken up.

During his first visits he mostly lodged in Shanklin at an old thatched dwelling known as Eglantine Cottage, kept by a Mrs. Williams, and it was in this humble cot that many of his finest works were executed, the celebrated winter scene, in which he introduces his favourite grey horse, being one. This was exhibited in the Morland Gallery in 1873, the same year that the cottage in which it was painted was demolished. The latter was the last of the old lodging-houses in Shanklin, and, in the painter's time, the only one. The site

is now occupied by a land agent's office, and is near the Post Office.

Morland would often run down to this village, throw off a number of sketches, take them to London, and, after adding a few of his magical touches, sell them for a large figure, with which he would satisfy the demands of the more pressing of his creditors.

Shanklin in those days was an artist's paradise, as there were no red-brick villas, with their staring slate roofs, making the place hideous. The chine, too, was unadorned with the handrails and steps which now exist. Access to it was difficult, in fact almost impossible, and its beauties were generally viewed from its head.

There is no wonder that Morland delighted in visiting such a spot, as the sunlit landscape with the sea beyond and the fishermen on the shore against the background of cliffs, rocks, and foliage, all lent themselves to the ready brush of this great genius.

At the end of his last visit here, he returned to London, where he remained for some time, until, getting into more embarrassed circumstances than ever, he was forced, in April, 1799, to again seek the seclusion of the Isle of Wight.

On this occasion he went to Cowes, where a friend, a Dr. Lynn, of Westminster, had a house. The place is still standing, and is

known as Surrey House, being in Carvell Lane, near the railway-station. This the doctor put at Morland's disposal, and his wife, who at that time was in indifferent health, repaired thither with her maid, to be followed shortly by Morland himself and his faithful servant, Simpson.

Daw, another of the artist's biographers, in referring to this visit, says the object was for retirement ; but, in spite of this, the rooms were constantly filled from morning to night with fishermen and smugglers, who sat to him as models. The introduction of such guests was not only a great liberty, but showed great want of consideration for his sick wife, though otherwise his general conduct whilst here induced Lynn to think favourably of him.

On his departure for Cowes the former had wished Morland to take a letter of introduction to a friend living at Newport, with a view of helping him to sell his works ; but at the time he refused the offer, though later on he found the necessity of accepting it.

Dr. Lynn in the meantime had commissioned this friend to purchase any of the drawings and paintings that were offered for sale, and the latter having done so to a considerable amount, asked Lynn if he should continue, as in his opinion he was paying very dearly for "scratches with a pencil," as he called them, and no better than he could buy in Newport for threepence.

However, Lynn, knowing their value, begged him to keep on and to secure as many as possible.

Whilst here, Morland painted one picture of Dr. Lynn himself and his children looking at his horse, and thrown into relief by a landscape in the background ; another of the same gentleman and his manservant ; and a third, a view of Carisbrooke Castle.

The artist had only been at Cowes a short time when his brother unexpectedly made his appearance. The reason he gave for coming was, that having overheard in the White Hart, Fetter Lane, a conversation between two of Morland's creditors, he had gathered that they were aware of his brother's hiding place and were about to send the sheriff's officers to arrest him for debt. Having travelled down by the Southampton mail, he impressed upon Morland that there was not a moment to lose, so the latter at once quitted the place, and it was well for him that he did, as in a very short time the sheriff's officers were at the house enquiring for him.

From Cowes he went to Yarmouth, where he took up his abode with a man named Cole, whose "profession" appears to have been smuggling ; but this did not come amiss to our artist friend. After a time, and when things had quieted down, he moved to "The George" in the same town, then kept by a Mr.

Plumbley, and here he was joined by his wife, brother, and man-servant. But misfortune seemed to follow him wherever he went, for whilst making a sketch of Yarmouth Castle (the identical picture now being among the fine collection in the possession of Mr. Phillips), he was watched as a suspicious character. The next morning, as Morland was breakfasting at 6 o'clock off beef-steak and purl (a real old-fashioned meal), he was arrested by order of Commandant Don, a lieutenant and six privates of the Dorset Militia forming his guard. Expostulations were useless, and when Morland produced his sketches to try and prove his innocence it only made matters worse. One unfinished drawing of a spaniel they were confident presented a key to the Island and the part at which the enemy were to land. The well-known picture of "Paying the Ostler" was the other. This work represents the farmer with a purse in his hand and the ostler holding his hat to receive payment. The painting, which was then a mere sketch, was construed to be a map of England, disguised, but intelligible to the French.

Accompanied by his brother and servant, he was first taken before Mr. Rushworth, of Freshwater, a local Justice of the Peace, and examined, the result being that he was marched off to Newport, carrying his portfolio containing the "damning evidence."

The day was hot, the road dusty, and by the time Newport was reached ten miles had been covered. Morland was well nigh exhausted, and, to make matters worse, on their arrival in the High Street they were hooted and mobbed as foreign spies by the population. After a while he was brought before the magistrates and again examined. This time, thanks to the evidence of Plumbley, his host, and another gentleman, he was discharged. So pleased was Morland, that on his return to the George Inn he offered to paint Plumbley's portrait, dressed in his Militia uniform, for the good turn he had done him. This he did on a mahogany panel, the picture being now in the possession of Mrs. Wheeler, Plumbley's daughter-in-law, who is still alive and well and residing at Shanklin. She it was, in 1904, who, with evident pleasure, showed the writer the painting, and it is owing to her kindness and courtesy that he is enabled to present the accompanying portrait.

A novel by William Collins, entitled "The Picture," gives full details of the foregoing anecdote.

After a time, Morland leaves Yarmouth and stays at Freshwater, and it was during this period that many well-known pictures were painted, amongst them being "The Needles," "Freshwater Bay," "Brooke Bay" (now the property of Sir Charles Seely, Bart.), "Freshwater



MR. PLUMBLEY,
OF THE GEORGE HOTEL, YARMOUTH.

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ave" (moonlight), "Carisbrooke Castle," and many others.

The interior of a barn, depicting an amorous swain and a milkmaid (now in the possession of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta), was painted in the old barn at Kingston, Isle of Wight, since destroyed by fire.

At Freshwater he frequented "The Mermaid," and made many friends amongst the fishermen and others of humble origin.

Mr. Benjamin Ball told the writer that his father, James Ball, used to accompany Morland on his sketching excursions, rowing him in his boat, and that at this time the artist lodged at "The Orchard," Freshwater.

The two prints of "Jack in the Bilboes" and "The Contented Waterman," then in the possession of my informant's daughter, were originally presented to the watermen of Freshwater by Morland, being subsequently purchased by Mr. Ball.

Allan Cunningham speaks of a friend of Morland's once calling on him at Freshwater and discovering him in a low inn, "The Cabin," surrounded by smugglers, poachers, sailors, and fishermen, whose society he evidently left with great reluctance. When asked why he kept such company, he replied: "Reasons, and good ones. See, where could I find such a picture of life as that (exhibiting

his sketch-book) unless among the originals of The Cabin?"

This inn, according to some of the village patriarchs, is part and parcel of the present Albion Hotel, though others claim that its site is now covered by the sea at high tide. Be that as it may, there are four very old rooms still remaining in the middle of the Albion Hotel, and the building was there in Morland's time, as there are records of a lease in 1786 being granted to a Mr. Rushworth.

Those who have seen his picture entitled "The Tap-room" may be interested to know that it was sketched from a room in this identical house.

During the latter or, one should say, the greater part of his life, he was not in affluent circumstances, and many a time did he paint a picture to pay his score at an inn for want of the ready cash. Some of these were still hanging in old inns and cottages in the Island years ago, and could have been bought for a mere song; a fact, the writer knows of a case in point.

At one time we hear of Morland lodging at Bonchurch, and painting that rugged shore, with shipwrecks, smugglers, and peasantry. According to a number of the *Sporting Magazine*, wherein is related the following anecdote, which illustrates his propensity for practical joking, and which happened at Niton.



MORLAND'S SKETCH OF HIS OWN FUNERAL.

One evening, having observed an old man and a boy coming away from some rocks, where they had been to put down their well-baited lobster pots, he at once determined to have some fun with the old fisherman, by replacing the proper bait with an old boot in one lobster pot, a turnip in another, and an old wig and stones in others. Next morning he and his artist friends went down to watch the result, hiding themselves in some furze bushes near the shore. When the poor old man and his boy pulled up the pots, instead of finding lobsters they found only the substituted baits. They were naturally very much upset, and their language savoured of Billingsgate—appropriately, and perhaps excusably—the devil, or some privateer's crew, getting the credit for the night's work. After a time, Morland came forward, admitting that he was the culprit, and well compensating the old fisherman for his loss.

On one of his visits to Chale, in 1790, he painted a fine picture of Blackgang Chine, now in the possession of Mr. Phillips.

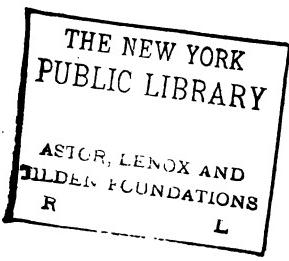
The writer was courteously invited to the latter's house, in Surrey, to see this work amongst others, numbering over fifty, and nearly all painted by the same artist. So realistic is it that one can almost fancy one hears the howling of the tempest and the noise of the huge breakers dashing over the

cruel rocks. On the shore is a group of sailors busily engaged in hauling up a boat, with a huge piece of wreckage near at hand, whilst there are also to be seen in the distance a vessel in distress and two smaller boats, under the lee of the cliffs, labouring in the rough sea. This is no doubt one of his finest works painted in the Island.

Mr. Phillips, by-the-bye, has also a good painting of the artist's faithful servant, Simpson (or Sympson, as some spell it), in his collection, which is interesting. The latter must have been a trusty soul, as he used to mix his master's paints, clean his palettes, put him to bed when overcome with strong waters—which was frequently the case—and endeavour to keep off the duns, the latter, perhaps, the most difficult task of all.

The following are particulars of three sketches, before unpublished, and of which I give illustrations. These were purchased by Mr. Haines direct from the Graham family (one of whose ancestors was a pupil of the painter), and until that time they had never left their possession, so that there can be no doubt as to their authenticity.

No. I.—A hurried sketch, dashed off, most likely, in an inn. Morland, surrounded by some of his boon companions, represents his own funeral. From the powerful strokes it exhibits, one is convinced that it was executed by his master-hand and no other.





A SNOOZE BY THE WAY.

The Way to Home

No. II. is a rustic asleep by the wayside, probably returning home after a carousal, and overcome thereby.

No. III. was sketched in two minutes, on Good Friday, 1802, being a portrait of a servant of Morland's, and underneath is written : "The greatest liar in England."

It is sad to relate this great artist died when comparatively young, on October 29th, 1804, in his forty-second year. Many were his faults, but these are lost sight of when one views the creations of this genius.

In concluding my short sketch, I cannot do better than quote Collins's lines :—

"Adieu, ill-fated Morland, foe to gain,
Curs'd be each sordid wretch that caused thy pain.
Spite of detraction, long thy envied name
Shall grace the annals of immortal fame."

A LIST OF SOME OF THE PICTURES PAINTED BY GEORGE MORLAND IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

- Winter Piece, painted at Eglantine Cottage, Shanklin,
and afterwards exhibited at the Morland Gallery.
Storm off Blackgang (Mr. Phillips), 1790.
Wreck of Indiaman off Needles.
Storm on Coast, with wreck of Man-of-War, 1794.
Storm, coast scene, 1796.
Calm, ditto, 1796.

Cottage scene, Dr. Lynn and his Children looking at Horse, 1797.

A Spaniel, 1799.

Village Pedlar.

Land Storm. Man riding through Sheep, holding hat.

Coming Storm in the Isle of Wight (Wolverhampton Gallery).

Saving the remains of a Wreck.

Amorous Ploughman.

The Tap-room at "The Mermaid," Freshwater.

Paying the Ostler.

Fishermen. View of Needles in the distance.

Freshwater Cave by moonlight.

Carisbrooke Castle.

View of the Needles, painted for Wedd, 1799.

Freshwater Gate, ditto, 1799.

The Needles, ditto, 1799.

View, Isle of Wight. Cutter, with prize, steering into Portsmouth.

The Fisherman's Hut. Engraved 1799.

Yarmouth Fort (Mr. Phillips), 1803.

Fishermen going out. Fine sunset effect.

Coast Scene, with St. Catherine's Tower.

Cavern Scene, Freshwater.

Shrimping off the Isle of Wight.

The Day after the Wreck.

Fishermen hauling up Wreckage.

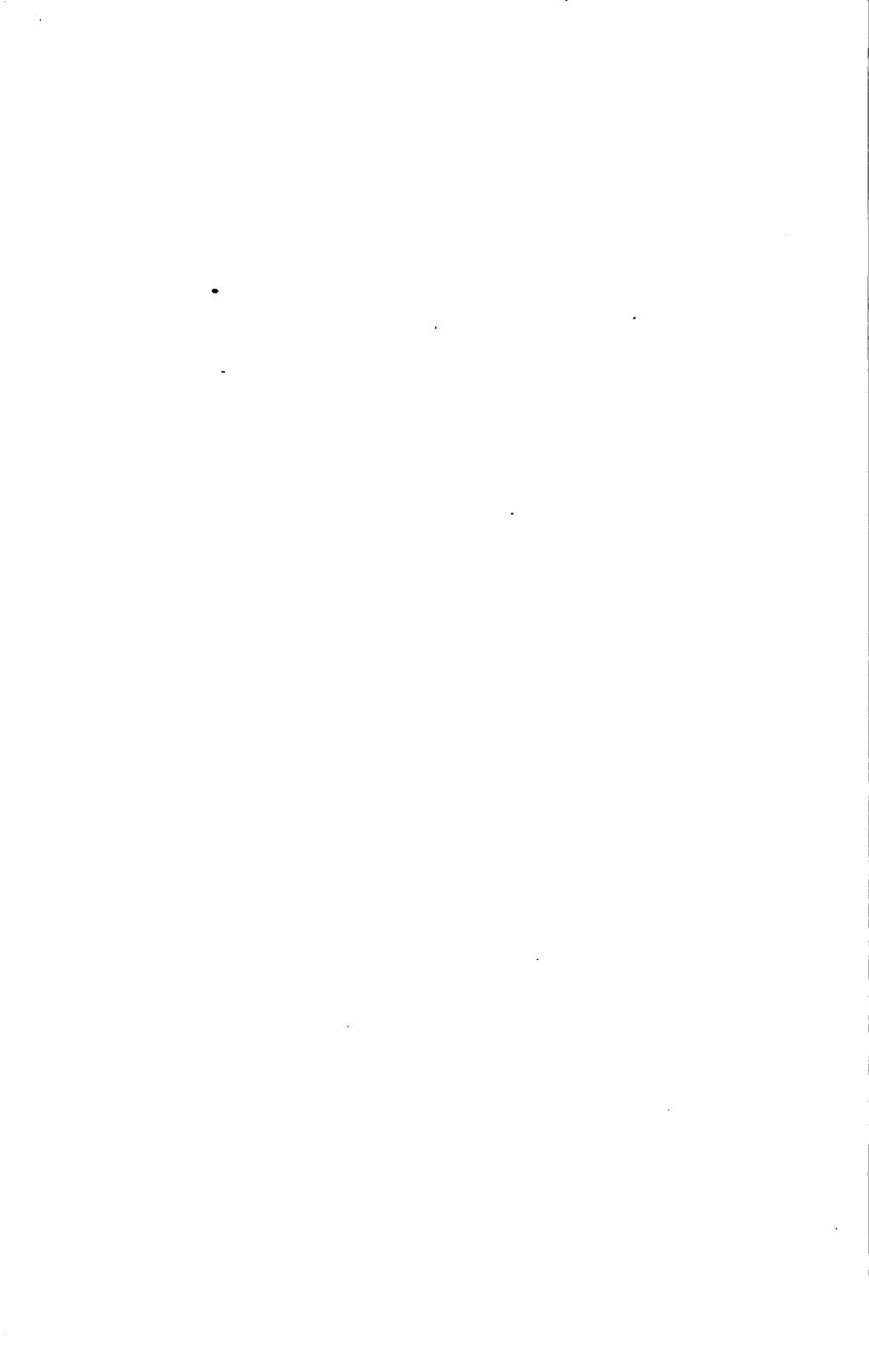
Wreckers at work.

The Death of the Hare.

"The Death of the Hare" was executed at Briddlesford, in the Island, and perhaps represents Mr. Jacobs's Harriers killing their hare, for they would be hunting about that date.



MORLAND'S SERVANT.



CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE our last chapter, in which I have somewhat digressed from my diary, we were at Yarmouth.

From there, one day, we drove to Shalfleet, and took the opportunity of seeing the fine old church. Years ago, the bells belonging to it were sold, the proceeds going towards repairing the steeple, and it is to this sacrifice that an old doggerel refers:—

“The Shalfleet people, poor and simple,
Sold the bells to build a steeple.”

Afterwards we paid a visit to a farm in the neighbourhood, where it so happened we were much entertained, not only by the work we found in progress, but by its immediate sequel, and thereby hangs the tale I am about to relate:—

It is brewing day, and the old farmer, in a white smock with the sleeves turned up to the elbows, is very busy superintending the brew, and carrying pails of water to the large copper already enveloped in clouds of steam. “Now

then, Betsy," he calls to the dairymaid, "let's have some more barley. Lork a mercy, gal, do be quick or we shan't get the brew over afore Christmas." Betsy, however, is not to be hurried, as she knows her master too well, and is aware that this excitement only appears on such like occasions. The farmer's wife one minute is filling bushel measures to the brim, and the next feeding the fire under the copper with dry faggots that crackle and roar like gorse burning in a strong wind. It is mid-summer, and this, coupled with the heat of the fire and hard work, has its effect on them both. He often pauses and draws a large coloured handkerchief from under his smock to wipe his heated forehead. But at last the brew is completed, the right amount of malt and hops having been added, and there is nothing left to be done but to see the right heats are maintained.

John, an elderly man, a near neighbour of our farmer friend, has for some considerable time been watching with great interest the process, periodically offering suggestions, which, coming from one who knew what ale ought to be—for, be it known, John had the reputation of having a larger drinking capacity than any other man in the Island—carry due weight. He himself had been heard to say that a quart of ale only wetted one side of his throat, so large was his swallow and great his thirst.

Presently, John suggests that it is "miserable hot weather" and that the farmer must want a long drink after his arduous duties. "Yes," replies the brewer, "and no doubt you could drink a pint with me, John?" The latter agrees willingly, feeling in a condition to drink eight, but judiciously refraining from saying so.

The old farmer descends the stone steps into the cool cellar and draws a quart of his best, similar to that which he is brewing to-day, and not from the tap in another cellar, to which the farm servants have free access. Returning to the brew-house with the foaming jug, which makes John's eyes sparkle, the old man pours out a pint in a drinking horn. Up goes John's arm, "Here's fortune, farmer," two gulps, and it is gone. "Very good ale," he says, with a sigh. "Yes," says the host, "two years old next Michaelmas, and made with nothing but malt and hops." "Ah, you mustn't tell me that!" "Why not, John? I brews it myself, and ought to know." So you may, but you use something else besides, so clear and full-coloured it is, farmer, surely now?" "I tells you malt and barley only is used when I brews ale, and it don't want nothing else except a little yeast, which I sometimes adds." "Yes," breaks in John, "but you use something else, I'll wager a quart; and if I lose will give it you next time we meet at Newport,

and if I win I drink it here, now." "Done," said the old farmer, "and now tell me what else I uses besides hops, barley, and yeast, for I knows you can't." John scratched his head, and said the farmer had better draw another jug at once, for he reckoned no man could brew ale unless he used *water*. The old man laughed, admitting John had fairly won the wager—he supposed he didn't think of water, as it cost nothing—and down again to the cellar he goes with the quart pot, thinking all the time of John's wonderful capacity and the constitution he must have. As he was drawing the ale, he sees' below the barrel a dead mouse; and the thought flashing through his mind that it would be a good joke, he puts it into John's beer. On his return, John eyed him lovingly, and with the anticipation of quickly wetting the other side of his throat, he takes the tankard, opens his big mouth, and drains it at a draught. "Ah," said he, as he drew a long breath, "the ale is pretty drinking, but that last quart must have had a hop in it!"

The old farmer often tells this tale with evident relish, as he laughs until the tears run down his cheeks.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER pleasant day spent was in visiting the King's Borough of Newtown, the oldest in the Island.

It must at one time have been a place of great importance, as it boasts of a harbour capable of accommodating vessels of 500 tons burden, but it has since fallen into utter decay, and the only building of any size now left is the Town Hall (1699). Of the streets, too, practically nothing now remains but the names, such as Gold Street, High Street, Quay Street, Drapers' Alley, and others—the thoroughfares themselves having disappeared.

This town was once known as Franchville (or the free town) and was destroyed, it is thought, by the Danes in 1001 and at a later date (1377) by the French.

On the east bank of the river are the remains of the salterns which used to exist here; also an old barn where the manufacture of salt was completed. In those days salt was a taxed commodity and, consequently, the cause of a good deal of smuggling, as the price was 21/- per bushel. The only person now left (1904) who has worked in these salterns is an old

man employed as gardener by a gentleman at Wootton.

On the 22nd July in each year Newtown Bandy (Fair) was held, and an old inhabitant told us that he well remembered the times and the fun which used to take place. There were plenty of facilities for horse-dealing, and one side of the street was usually lined with tents, containing shows, gingerbread stalls, &c.

It was in the old Town Hall that we had a picnic. Its furniture consisted of an oak table, some chairs (apparently Elizabethan), a mace of Edward VI.'s time, and an old pewter inkstand. The ceremony of election of members for the borough always took place in this building, and from all accounts the function was of the most jovial description. The twelve burgesses used to assemble at 12 o'clock and, as a preliminary, were refreshed with oysters and stout, the bivalves being supplied from the Newtown River, celebrated then, as now, for its oyster-beds. At 3 o'clock a cold dinner was served, at the end of which the chairman rose, and drawing from his pocket cards with the names of the new members inscribed thereon, proclaimed them in a loud voice, at the same time proposing their healths.

From Newtown our way lay to Cowes. This port is to a yachtsman the same as Newmarket is to a racing man. It is a queer old town, with narrow streets and small alleys, and one

has to be very careful in driving through, as the sun-blinds of the shops leave little or no more room than is necessary.

Years ago many ocean-going steamers were constructed here, but most of its ship-building trade has departed—never to return again, one fears.

The entrance to the harbour was protected by two forts, built by Henry VIII. from the ruins of Beaulieu, one of which still exists; the other is no more. Of them the poet Leland writes—

“The two great cows that in loud thunder roar,
This on the eastern, that on the western shore.”

The one remaining has been converted into the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House.

One day whilst at Cowes we sailed to Lymington, and well do I remember on that occasion seeing an old yacht lying in a rotten and half-submerged condition in a yard in the harbour. I don't know why I was so attracted by this wreck, for I can call it nothing else, excepting that it looked as if it had a history. However, an old sailor, seeing my attention riveted on it, remarked, “She don't look much now, does she, sir? but she made all the others look up years ago at the Cowes regattas. You may bet yer boots she was a smart craft, and a heap of money was won and lost over her. I am speaking now of fifty years ago, when she

was, as I may say, like a full-blown rose, for she commenced to sail in 1830, and in that year won The Ladies' Challenge Cup of 250 guineas; in 1832, The King's Cup, £100; in 1843, The Queen's Cup, £100; and in 1851, The All Nations' Cup at Ryde, £100. She was then rigged as a cutter, but in 1852 she was lengthened 20 feet in the bow and rigged as a schooner. After that she won a lot of races; but it is a long time ago, sir, and when I go back so far I begin to feel old, although my missus says I'm only an old boy. The yacht would make some of these new-fangled ones sail now if she warn't so rotten. I tell you, sir, there was no gainsaying it, she was a fair mystery."

After pressing a trifle into the ancient mariner's hand (from the look of his nose he appeared to have a capacity beyond his means), I reminded him that he had omitted to tell us the name of the boat.

"So I have, sir, thankee all the same for your generosity. She was 248 tons, and her name was the 'Alarm,' of the R.Y.S."

A poet writes an amusing punning account on the names of places in the Isle of Wight.

THE PLEASURES OF COWES.

Of all the gay places of yielding delight
There is none can compare with the famed Isle of
Wight,

For 'tis there every visitor shortly allows
That the cream of true pleasure flows freely from
Cowes.

Of the famed Isle of Cyprus old poets may tell,
Where Venus when born was conveyed in a shell ;
For in giving one Venus sure nature was thrifty,
But our little Island with ease can show fifty.

Time was when fair breezes refusing to blow,
The boatman was forced from Southampton to row ;
But now, thank Medina, though strange it may seem,
The voyages are done, like potatoes, by steam.

'Tis here invalids, however sickly they be,
New health and fresh vigour derive from the sea.
Mrs. Melter, the chandler, to Cowes takes a trip,
And here, as at home, she can gain by a dip.

T'other day down from London a quizzzy old prig
Pop't into the water, forgetting his wig ;
The waves bore it from him—he cursed his ill-luck,
Crying "None but a goose would thus venture a duck."

As pleasures gay parties through our Island pursue,
And ramble its wonders and beauties to view ;
Here are sociables, ponies, and donkeys beside,
And the ladies, though timid, will venture to Ryde.

Of old port the votaries of Bacchus may boast,
But 'tis Newport that pleases the Islanders most ;
And the day scarce in splendour can rival the night,
And if evenings hang heavy, why the gas makes them
light.

"Tis impossible quite, as I have heard people say,
A needle to find in a pottle of hay ;
But so sharp are our eyes in this Island that we
Can Needles most easily find in the sea.

170 *A Driving Tour in the Isle of Wight.*

But stop, I grow tedious, yet ere I depart
Let me utter the wish that flows full from my heart :
May each year see this town and the roadstead quite
full,
And may Cowes never fail to attract Johnny Bull.

The subjoined notice appeared in the *Hampshire Chronicle*, and recounts a serious disturbance that may be of interest to the reader :—

COWES, MAY 24TH, 1795.

On Friday last a large party of the Irish Regiment (the 10th), which has been for some time quartered here, headed by Lieutenants Wheeler and Foster, had a desperate affair with a number of the townspeople, in which several of the latter were wounded. During the whole of that night the town was in a state of alarm, and next morning the confusion increased to a most alarming degree. General Hunter was necessitated to order the military under arms, and had he not taken the precaution of disarming the aggressive regiment it is probable that the most serious mischief might have ensued. The two officers are committed to Winchester bridewell, and the regiment is ordered from Cowes. The theatres were obliged to be shut up on the occasion, and have not since been opened.

CHAPTER XV.

HUNTING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

As there were no Fox-hounds in the Island until the year 1845, I will first give some particulars of the packs of Harriers hunting the country, both before and after that date, with a list of some of the Masters.

The credit for having introduced hares into the Island is probably due to Sir Edward Horsey, who was Governor during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as he offered a lamb for every one turned down. He lived at Heasley, and, strange to say, there are more hares to be found there now than on any other farm in the Island.

LIST OF SOME MASTERS OF HARRIERS IN
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Mr. John Mitchell, St. Cross, 1752.

Mr. Jacobs, Chale Farm, 1812.

Mr. William Thatcher, senior, 1819—1845.

Sir T. L. Worsley Holmes, Bart., 1819.

Mr. Harvey (Harvey's Crockford Harriers), 1820.
Subscription Pack.

Lord Alexander Russell, 1840-50.

Mr. White, Ford, 1840.

Mr. John Smith, Landguard, 1845. Sold then to
Prince Consort.

Mr. William Thatcher, jun., 1845—1875.

Mr. W. H. Nunn, 1850.

Mr. Gibbs, Bowcombe, 1850 (Beagles).

Mr. Frank Barton, 1875.

Mr. Plumley, Broadlands.

Mr. James Cole, Sheat, 1882—1886.

Mr. Atherley, Landguard, 1887—1888.

Mr. F. T. Mew, 1889—1904.

Mr. Blake, Budbridge, 1896.

Mr. Victor Willett, Apse, 1897—1898.

It may be mentioned that the pack has remained in Mr. F. T. Mew's possession since 1889 to 1904, but was lent to the last two Masters, who hunted them each for two seasons.

The first record of a Master of Harriers that I have come across is of Mr. John Mitchell, of St. Cross, Newport, who kept a pack in 1752, and who, from all accounts, was a most eccentric man, and John Green, the old historian I have before quoted, relates that he would often invite a party of gentlemen to hunt with him, and after they had found and were about to enjoy a gallop, he would, much to the disgust of the field, whip the hounds off, saying, "Now, puppies, we will go home." He was, perhaps, not an ideal Master. I have found it a most difficult matter to discover the names of other Masters in the past, as most of them

are forgotten, no record having been kept. For all that, it has been a research of a very pleasant character, and many a visit have I paid to the good old sporting farmers in the Island, who have furnished me with the few scanty particulars that I am now able to lay before the reader. According to the *Sporting Magazine*, 1812, Mr. William Jacobs, of Chale Farm, was then Master, and evidently his hounds were not particular as to their quarry, for I learn that they once roused a buck at the foot of St. Catherine's Down, and after a splendid run of four and a half hours took their deer at the east arm of the Newtown river. It is estimated they ran sixty miles, and it was one of the sternest chases, as the going was heavy and the pace great. The field had been a large one, and there were many good horses out that day, but only five were in at the finish, the rest having been knocked out, one horse dying from the effects, whilst, much to the credit of the pack, only three hounds were missing. The buck was taken to Mr. T. Grimes, at Yafford, to afford another day's sport.

We then come to the year 1819, and find Mr. William Thatcher, of Wacklands, the Master of one pack, and, at the same time, Sir L. T. Worsley Holmes, Bart., of Newport House, hunting another, the jealousy between the two being very great.

Sir L. T. Worsley Holmes was then Governor of the Island. Newport House, his residence, has since been pulled down, though the stabling still remains and may be seen at the Charles I. Inn, situated near the Grammar School. Lady Holmes was noted for her smart barouche, with its team of four horses and postillions.

Of Mr. William Thatcher I was able to gather many particulars from a gentleman whom we drove over to see one day, and who had known him very intimately. Considering his great age, my informant's memory was extraordinarily clear, and this made our visit all the more interesting.

The approach to his house was through a fine old avenue of trees, the building itself being of ancient date. The veteran met us at the door with old-fashioned hospitality, and, despite his age, conducted himself as though he were a man of younger years.

The first features that attracted our attention were the broad staircase in the hall and the large drawing-room, the latter with long windows, facing south, admitting both sun and air, its carpets, curtains, and chair-covers, blending in harmonious tints and matching the wall papers and quaint old folding shutters. The furniture was mostly of the earliest Victorian era, interspersed with a few examples of Chippendale, whilst on the walls hung some

family portraits in water colours—altogether a very cheerful room, in which still lingered a suspicion of pot-pourri and lavender, reimpued in summer time by the scent of the rose garden beneath its casements.

After ushering us into his study, and taking a large pinch of snuff from a golden snuff-box, our host produced some red and white wine, and then fell readily into a conversation of a sporting character, recalling the days of yore in the Isle of Wight.

He well remembered when the Earl of Yarborough lived at Appuldurcombe, the park, then under the management of the two Loes, being well stocked with deer. These he had a vivid recollection of helping to catch—the method employed being by driving them, with the aid of deer-hounds, into nets set up in the park—when the Earl wished them transferred to another of his estates across the water. The latter would sometimes give the Master of Harriers a buck, and many an excellent run was the result.

He also spoke of having himself received many kindnesses from the Earl; who was a most fascinating and kind-hearted man, and of his being allowed a key to the park to enable him to drive direct from Godshill to Wroxall, and thus save the long journey round.

In those days things at Appuldurcombe were done in rare style, and it was estimated

that the Earl's expenditure was not under £70,000 per annum, for he had two yachts, besides a host of other expensive hobbies.

He then went on to talk of Squire Thatcher, who, at the time of which we are speaking, was the most prominent sportsman in the Island. Wacklands, his residence, was charmingly situated, and was kept up with great hospitality, the old squire, amongst his other achievements, being noted as a fine judge of port wine. His family consisted of one son, "Will," and several daughters. Only a few days before our visit our old friend had driven there, finding it much the same as in the past, with the upping-stock still to be seen—where the squire mounted to get on his horse.

During his mastership the squire owned as nice and level a pack of Harriers as one might wish to see, and of these he was justly proud. He sometimes hunted them himself, and very few amateurs could handle their hounds in so businesslike a manner, unless, like him, they were born to the art. One of his great points was to leave them alone, where practicable, thus teaching them to rely upon themselves, a practice many huntsmen of the present day would do well more to observe, as how many good days' sport has one seen spoilt by an over-anxious huntsman lifting his hounds when there was no necessity?

At this time he usually rode a thick-set

brown cob—very clever across country—with a rat-tail, a nice short back, and showing a trace of the pack-horse in him.

The squire was a small man with a big voice and red face, and when angry or excited in the field he would frequently break out into somewhat forcible, though unparliamentary, language.

Cock-fighting then was in full swing, and the squire was as keen on this as on other sports, as he always kept about thirty or forty game-cocks, and no man could handle a bird better, it being quite an education to see him.

It was in a barn at Lambslease, close to Hale, that most of the battles took place; in fact, there are still to be seen the pens in which the birds were kept, and it was here that the last bout was fought in the Island.

Whilst on this subject the writer appends an advertisement that appeared on the 12th May, 1777, in the *Hampshire Chronicle*.

“COCKING.—May 19th, and the two following days. A main of cocks to be fought at Mr. John Gregory's, at the Green Dragon Inn, Newport, between the gentlemen of East and West Medina. To show thirty-one cocks main and ten beys for five guineas a battle and 100 guineas the odd one.

A good ordinary each day at the above inn.’

Our conversation then turned on fox-hunting, and our old friend told us how, in the year 1843, he had been instrumental in effectually introducing foxes into the Island. Those who now enjoy the sport have good reason to be thankful to him.

Previous to that date there had been one or two instances of single ones being kept in captivity, and one of these is the subject of my next chapter ; but before coming to that I will describe, in our narrator's own words, how it came about that his object was fulfilled.

"I remember one day," he said, "remarking to the old squire's son, Will, that I preferred fox-hunting to hare-hunting, hinting at the same time that I knew of a dealer at Portsmouth who had some foxes for sale, and that I might go over there quietly, bring some back, and turn them down. At first young Will rather hesitated, as he feared his father's wrath, but after thinking the matter over for some time he decided to risk it with me. Accordingly, next day I drove over to Ryde in a dog-cart, with two capacious hampers behind, and took boat for Portsmouth. Arrived at my destination, I was shown seven or eight lusty foxes in a loose box, which at once scrambled under some faggots that had been placed there to screen them. The first question was how to catch them, but the owner soon solved this difficulty, tackling

them with great pluck, and quickly placing them in hampers. The next thing was to get them over to the Island and turn them down without being found out. All went well till we arrived at Ryde Pier (which, by-the-bye, was then about a quarter of the length it is now), but there an inquisitive porter who carried them to the "Pier Hotel" stables wanted to know 'what was inside that smelt so strong.' To his inquiries I made an evasive reply, impressing upon him that I was in a great hurry, and that if he wished to get a shilling he must not tarry. So far so good. The porter having set down the hampers and departed, the ostler became inquisitive. 'Hallo !' said he, 'got something alive in here? What is it, sir?' 'Never mind what it is; I want to get on, and have no time to stop here talking. Put them up at once at the back of the cart, or I shall be late.' 'All right, sir, good day. Let her go'; and I was once more on the way with my beauties, leaving behind through the country we traversed the aroma so dear to the heart of a sportsman. When about a mile from Wacklands, I dismounted from the gig and hid the hampers in a covert. I then drove on to the house and had dinner with the squire, after which the old gentleman, having comfortably settled himself in his arm-chair with his pipe and glass of grog, was soon snoring. Young Will

then beckoned to me to follow him, whispering, ‘The governor will sleep for an hour or two now, so we had better take advantage of the opportunity.’ Accordingly out we went, and turned down the foxes, some in the withy beds at the back of the house, and the remainder in the cover where I had left them.

When hare-hunting began again, the opening meet was naturally at Wacklands. After due justice had been done to Squire Thatcher’s hospitality, a start was made, and almost in the first field the hounds were soon on a line which led them straight into the neighbouring cover. Had our Master known there were foxes about, this might have aroused his suspicions, as “puss” had not been viewed. Anyhow, before many minutes had elapsed, they “opened” merrily, and were soon away at a rare pace towards Hale, across the marshes to Budbridge, and from thence swinging round to Godshill. There I saw a boy with his mouth wide open. ‘Well, boy, have you seen the hare?’ ‘I ain’t seen no hare,’ he said, ‘but a thing with a long bushy tail, summat like a squirrel, and yet he warn’t a squirrel, nor yet——’ Here I stopped him, for at that moment the squire came up, puffing and blowing, and commenced grumbling about what the deuce could they be hunting, as a hare did not run like that. There was not much time for conversation, as hounds

were hard on the scent, and were making for Bleak Down. Here a check occurred, and the "fox" was lost, no doubt having gone on to the Wilderness, as having now been turned down some five months or more, the foxes had begun to know the run of the country. The old squire by this time had realised the situation, as all the way back he was in a vile temper, swearing that if he could only find the rascal who had turned down foxes, he would lay his hunting-whip across his shoulders. His old huntsman, "Will," came in for an extra share of abuse that day, as even on ordinary occasions everything he did was wrong. He would say, when asked how he got on with the squire, "Well we are the best of friends on the way to the meet, and whilst we are running, likewise on the way back to the kennels, but I mustn't say anything about other times."

The old squire's keenness lasted to the end, and when, during the last few years of his life, he was unable to go out himself, he would sit in his garden and watch his hounds, through his telescope, hunting on the downs.

He died in 1845 at the age of sixty-five, and, with his son, is buried at Newchurch, the death of the latter occurring at the same age, in 1875.

Poor old Will, his huntsman, lived to be about eighty, and as late as 1880 a friend of

mine met him leaning over a gate at Newchurch. On being asked how he was, the old man replied "Oh, I be pretty rough (sick), master, but I be still full of the love of hunting, and often fancy I can hear the squire's voice a-swearin' and a-rating of me as in days of old."

Before leaving the subject of old Squire Thatcher, I must give, in my next chapter, an account of an incident which happened in connection with his Harriers, long before the introduction of foxes into the Island. I may mention that until recently there was living in Newport a gentleman (Mr. Way), who remembered, when a small boy, having witnessed, from Brook Down, the run described.

Judging from the keen interest displayed by Mr. Thatcher on this occasion, it is to be wondered at that he did not at once become a devotee of fox-hunting, but instead he evidently considered himself a public benefactor in helping to rid the country of the pest at large. When questioned on the subject, he would stoutly assert that should fox-hunting become established it would sound the funeral knell of Harriers, and this doubtless was his true reason for his strong objection to it.

It may be mentioned that several sportsmen claimed the distinction of introducing foxes to the Island, so perhaps after all our veteran friend was not the real culprit.

CHAPTER XVI.

“THE FOX SLAYER.”

IN the year 1830 the only hunting obtainable in the Island was with the “Currant Jelly Dogs,” as “Mr. Jorrocks” wittily designates them.

At this time there lived at the back of the Island a parson who possessed a dog-fox, which he kept chained up to a tub in the stable-yard. The latter had been for months a feature of interest in the locality, the village boys, as they lazily wended their way to school, being wont to gaze on Master Reynard with wondering eyes, regarding him much as one would in the present day a wolf or a jackal.

But, alas, one unlucky day, as it eventually turned out for him, our friend managed to slip his collar and was soon tasting the delights of liberty. His worthy owner did not advertise the loss of his pet too vigorously, having vague fears of fines and penalties for bringing a fox into the Island, as it was then confidently

imagined that should these animals once become established, it would be impossible to dislodge them from the many holes and recesses in the rocks and cliffs.

Anyway, the fox was gone, and in a few months there were many complaints of hen-roosts in the neighbourhood having been violated by "something"; and such a thing as robbery being unknown, speculation was rife as to what the marauder could be.

One fine day Farmer Stubbes's carter's mate mentioned "I ain't seen parson's dorg-fox as used to be chained up to the tub lately. What has 'come on he. Has he sold un, or has he gallied off somewheres."

This sounded the warning note, and everyone at once rushed to the conclusion that the parson's fox was the culprit.

The Vicar was waited on by a few of his hunting friends and admitted the loss of Master Reynard (or, as his coachman called him, Mr. Renolds). What was to be done? He could not be allowed to remain at large, and steps must be taken for his capture or extermination.

Then up spoke old Thatcher: "I wonder if my Harriers could hunt him if we put them on his line?" The meeting at once decided that it was well worth a trial, and the next Tuesday was fixed upon as the day on which they

should meet with the object of, if possible, ridding the neighbourhood of the pest.

"Before we part," said Farmer Day, "a word. After the chase, you must all dine with me, as it is, I believe, the first fox-hunt on record in the Island, and such an occasion must be suitably celebrated." It is needless to say that his kind invitation was readily accepted and the day looked forward to with keen excitement.

At that time the field usually out with Harriers was only a small one, consisting principally of the yeoman farmers, each face being as familiar to the other as if they had been a class of school-boys.

At last the morning of the Tuesday dawned, as fair a hunting day as could well be wished, and hopes immediately ran high. As luck would have it, too, the fox had been viewed that morning by some farm servants engaged in cutting gorse on Brooke Down. Hounds were at once taken to the spot, and before anyone realised the fact, or the Squire had even time to sound his horn, the truant was away in the direction of Shorwell, keeping well to the top of the Down, and travelling at such a tremendous pace that at first it seemed unlikely that the pack, being unaccustomed to such fast work, would be able to live with him. However, scent was good, and they settled down admirably. Soon our fox sinks the hill,

near Pitt Place, giving the field a chance of exhibiting their equestrian abilities over some nice fences, which bring about a certain amount of grief. However, everyone is keen and not in the humour to let such trifles stop him on so memorable an occasion. Mr. Grimes, of Yafford, is well to the fore, closely attended by Mr. Day. I should not like to say that these two gentlemen were riding "jealous," but they were evidently both very keen on reducing the distance between themselves and the fast-flying pack, as the latter streamed over a fine line of country in the direction of the cliff. Mr. Scovell cries, "he is making for Barnes High, and will no doubt go to ground there," and the little gentleman in red, though already hard pressed, hammers away for his point; but, unfortunately, in the next field is the shepherd, whose bob-tailed sheep-dog gives chase, making a change of line an absolute necessity.

Reynard, having been at large now for some months, seems to have made good use of his time in acquiring a knowledge of the country, for, being nonplussed at Barnes, he makes in the direction of Yafford, hoping to find a refuge either at Troopers or, at worst, not further than Sheards. Here for a time luck favours him, as, passing through a field where a large number of sheep are penned, unattended by a dog, he manages to cause a check, which is as

welcome to the pursuers as the pursued. Having thereby gained a breather he manfully forges ahead and is shortly at Troopers, but here to his disgust he finds no earth large enough to accommodate him, so on he has to rattle. Hounds by this time are fairly on the line again, as he can hear the Squire's voice cheering them on and the horn resounding through the woods ; ill-luck, too, seems to still attend his footsteps, as a second time he is headed, on this occasion by several men at work in a field at Presford, who raise a loud "view halloo!" This means another change of line down the hill to Kingston withy-bed—which gives him a temporary advantage—and from thence to the Wilderness ; then, turning to the left again, he crosses Ramsdown, climbing the Chillerton Downs, and making a détour of the Westridge covers ; here he would like to linger, but there is a burning scent and 'tis not safe, so away once more along the Downs to Larden and down near Shorwell Shute—leaving the village on the right for fear of school children and stray dogs—through the vicarage garden, and across Small Moor and Hassletts Heath, where he is harder pressed than ever, causing him as his only resource to make for the cliffs again. Passing Bucks he steals away, but not with the same jaunty air that betokened his departure from Brooke Furze, as by this time he has covered many

miles, and his brush is coated with mud and mire ; still, he must make one more effort, for hounds are close upon him. There lies a farmstead only about a mile from the cliff, and if he can only reach this there is still a chance ; but he is fairly done, and can only creep through Dungewood farmyard, keeping round the haystacks and hoping to devise some fresh ruse to elude his pursuers. But no use ! His last hope is to get on, and again he makes a dash for the open country, across large twenty-acre fields, in full view, and with no coverts big enough to hold him for five minutes. His heart at last begins to fail him, as hounds are closer than ever. There is a hedgerow just in front, along which he might sneak as a very last resource ; but already it is too late, as, before he can reach it, the leading hound rolls him over and with the help of the nearest of the remainder of the pack he is quickly despatched. Those of the field lucky enough to be there are soon off their horses, indulging in whoops that might have been heard at Pyle, so great is their excitement.

Poor Reynard having been broken up, the Isle of Wight Harriers are blooded with their first and only fox.

“ Killed in the open, a sportsman’s death, and game to the last,” says Mr. Day. “ Yes,” replies Squire Thatcher, in the act of mopping his ruddy face, “ it was excellent work and a

wonderful run. How true they ran every inch of the line ! and the way old 'Klinker' picked up the scent at Westridge, when the others were at fault, was grand."

Previously, the Squire had been very proud of his pack, but after this creditable display they rose another fifty per cent. in his estimation, as he rightly considered it a fine performance for hounds that had never before seen a fox to run so well and finish with a kill. He quite thought, too, that his was the only pack of Harriers that had ever killed a fox.

By this time the shades of evening are falling fast, for it is Christmas-week, and the chilly breeze reminds them it is not safe to stand about after the heat of the chase, so back to Westcourt to dine and recount, over port and nuts, the incidents of the day, the Squire's greeting to every one he meets on the way being : "We killed the fox—We killed the fox."

How pretty the old house looks in the evening gloom ; the fire and candle-light shining through the red curtains, betokening a warm welcome ; the ladies, with several other guests also invited to share in the festivities that are to follow, awaiting them in the hall ; and the charming decorations of holly and laurel adorning the walls, with a bunch of mistletoe hanging in the doorway—an invitation accepted by some of the younger and more frivolous

members of the hunt ; all help to remind them of the festive season.

Everyone who had not been out is anxiously asking the Squire for particulars of the day's sport, but his only answer is "After dinner you shall hear all ; suffice it for the present to know that we killed the fox."

Our host warns his wife that they have not broken their fast for several hours, and that unless dinner is served immediately keen appetite will disappear and give place to a windy spasm.

At length the guests are all seated, with their legs well under Farmer Day's mahogany, ready to discuss a huge sirloin of beef and a fine turkey—both cooked to perfection, and served on the old family dinner service, which only sees light on high days and holidays—and the large flagons of home-brewed ale, the latter appealing especially to the thirsty hunters.

John, the coachman, is helping to wait at table, with his fat round face full of smiles, and almost shaming his red waistcoat ; and the laughing maids are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to help the guests.

Conversation becomes general, and at last the host, having temporarily finished his arduous duties, lays down his knife and fork and wipes his forehead, hoping for a chance of a "cut in" himself.

The dinner proceeds with great spirit ; apple

dumplings, mincepies, and a huge Christmas pudding, ablaze, come on in due course, and shortly afterwards, as a wag remarks, a twist is put into the tail by the appearance of a ripe Stilton cheese. This is washed down with special ale (reported to be ten years old), quaffed out of the old tall, tapering glasses—now more often used for champagne.

Presently, Mr. Day rises to propose the toast of the evening, and this is the signal for prolonged applause. When it has subsided, he begins :—

“Ladies and gentlemen, to-day is a red-letter day in our lives. We have all of us read, from time to time, accounts written by ‘Nimrod’ of splendid runs with such packs as the King’s and the Pytchley Hounds, and our imagination has been fired by his vivid descriptions, but, until to-day, having previously only hunted the hare, we had not ourselves realised the delights of fox-hunting. Hare-hunting is a fine sport and by no means to be despised, as we all know ‘Puss’ often takes us over a good line of country and at times beats us; but, after to-day, I think we must admit that a fox is the more worthy object, owing to his greater pace, his powers of endurance, and last, but by no means least, his wonderful cunning.” [“No! No!” shouts the Squire, “I allow that can’t be said.”] “I have heard it frequently said that the Island would not be a suitable place for fox-hunting.

Hitherto these remarks have been allowed to pass unchallenged, but I think, judging from our happy experience to-day, we can at last refute the statement, as we not only had a fine run, but"—here Mr. Thatcher takes the words out of his mouth and shouts—"We killed the fox."

Continuing, Mr. Day said: "The brush has been presented to Mrs. Day, and now adorns my Hall, where I hope it may continue to remain for many years to come. My fervent desire is that, in spite of the protestations of my dear old friend, ere long we may see a good pack of fox-hounds established in this Island."

At this there was loud cheering and jingling of glasses, and Mr. Day then called upon John to fill the latter with his old and crusted port, "for," said he, "I have a toast, a bumper, to propose, which I am sure will be acceptable to you all. It is, gentlemen—'The King and Fox-hunting'."

In a moment the whole of the company stood up, being only too ready to drink with every honour so loyal and sporting a toast.

After the excitement had subsided, Mrs. Day suggested that it was time they heard an account of this celebrated run.

"Madam," said Squire Thatcher, "I think the time has come." And then he related very much what I have detailed of the run and the country crossed, with numerous other incidents

that had occurred during the day, such as the horse of one man breasting a post and rail near Yafford and turning a somersault—in which case had it not been for the friendly hand that caught the horse, neither would have seen the end of the run ; and the mount of another getting bogged at Troopers, when the pace was hottest and every one too keen to notice his brother sportsman in distress.

After this, the ladies retire to the Oak Parlour, whilst every yard of the run is again dissected and criticised by the men. More wine is called for and soon disappears, the fences growing bigger and the trenches wider as each fresh bottle arrives, until at last the Squire becomes sleepy and improvises an impromptu couch with three vacant chairs, and, throwing an old bandana handkerchief over his head, endeavours to snatch forty winks.

The conversation, meantime, is still carried on in loud and piercing tones, and possibly penetrates the ears of the sleeper, for from time to time he gently murmurs : “ We killed the fox—We killed the fox.”

It was in the early hours of the morning and just before this pleasant party broke up—round games and whist having succeeded the dinner—that their host produced, as a sporting finish, a huge steaming bowl of punch, into which he dipped the fox’s brush, pledging his friends with the best of wishes for the New Year.

So ended the Island's first experience of fox-hunting.

The Squire for years would talk of this run, and so forcibly did he impress on his hearers that "We killed the fox," that he was known around as "The Fox Slayer."

Mr. Day lived to see his wish fulfilled and a pack of fox-hounds hunting the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOX-HOUNDS.

FOXES having become more plentiful, owing, no doubt, to the stock introduced by our old friend in 1843, Mr. Benjamin Cotton, a good sportsman, of Afton, near Freshwater, started, in 1845, the first regular pack of Fox-hounds in the Island. Mr. Henry Way, of Pyle, I believe, is the happy possessor of the horn that was first carried with these hounds. Mr. Cotton remained Master until 1850, when they were taken over by Mr. John Harvey, who, on this occasion, had them for three seasons, which brings us to 1853. The hounds were kennelled at Marvel, near Newport, at Mr. Harvey's residence, where they are at the present time. Sir J. Simeon, of Swainston, became Master from 1854 to 1856. After that, they were taken by the Hon. E. Peter, but for two seasons only, 1857 and 1858. Mr. John Harvey then Mastered them for the second time, in 1859 and 1860. After him came Mr.

Dyson. Mr. Gibbs, by-the-bye, has left a most interesting diary of some of the runs during his Mastership. Mr. Richard Mew told me that during his period of office they had one extraordinary run, as they found near the Withy Bed, at the back of Mr. Blake's house, Stone, and, after running for about an hour and forty-five minutes, killed at St. Helens Green.

Mr. Davenport then had them from 1863 to 1864, the kennels being removed, for the time being, to Appuldurcombe House, where he lived. Mr. John Harvey then comes forward for a third time, supported by a committee, 1864-1867.

On Tuesday, 31st January, 1865, and during the Mastership of Mr. Harvey, the King (then Prince of Wales) honoured the pack by hunting with them. The meet was at Rowborough, and they had a capital run, finding on the Down above, and running to Swainston, Brixton Down, on to Newtown, and back to Swainston. The Prince was highly pleased with the day's sport.

Then a committee had them from 1868 to 1874, after which Mr. J. Bellamy took them for two seasons, 1875 and 1876, and for three seasons Mr. B. T. Cotton, also of Afton, and son of Mr. B. Cotton, assumed the Mastership, that being from 1877 to 1879. Mr. J. G. Harvey, of Marvel, son of Mr. John Harvey,

hunted them for one season, 1880. Sir Henry Daly was Master from 1881 to 1889, and after his death they were again hunted by a committee for two years, 1890 and 1891. Captain Peacock, who had previously hunted the Hertfordshire hounds, took them in 1892 and 1893, and the next season Colonel Howard-Brooke and Mr. Graham Shedden were joint Masters, and acted until 1898, since which time the latter, having met with an accident, retired, and Colonel Howard-Brooke has continued to act up to the present.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD NED, THE HUNTSMAN.

BEFORE leaving the subject of Hunting, the writer feels he must give a short account of one who, at an earlier period, was a well-known character in the Island, but who has long since been gathered to his forefathers. When I first met him his general appearance recalled a portrait I had once seen in a sporting magazine—a thorough type of the old-time sportsman that one would have expected to find when George III. was King—with his ruddy, clean-shaven face, weather-beaten and furrowed with lines from continual exposure to the elements ; a man of iron nerve and constitution ; and to whom no day was too hard or too long.

Hunting formed the sole topic of his conversation, thoughts, and, one might add, his dreams ; in short, his whole mind was absorbed by it ; “and that’s a fact,” as they say in the Island.

He had a very pretty seat, and his hands were perfect—that natural gift never to be acquired by practice alone. These qualities, coupled with another—temperament—also so essential to a thorough understanding with one's horse, will give the reader a good idea of his capabilities. It was a treat to see him mounted, and the most fidgety horse would become quiet and steady after he had ridden him a few times. I have known him ride with consummate skill a three-year-old that had never seen a fence before. His voice, too, seemed to work wonders with the youngsters—I fancy I can see him now, in his cord breeches and tops, carrying a short hunting whip in his hand.

He had a keen sense of humour, too, and I remember hearing him relate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, how on one occasion, whilst travelling by carrier's cart to Newport, they stopped to pick up a stout farmer. Ned remarked that the latter ought to be charged by weight, to which the farmer quickly replied that it was well that such was not the case, as under those conditions it would not be worth while stopping at all to pick him up. This was referring to his weight, as he only scaled 8·7, but in spite of this he was the possessor of an enormous appetite, and used to boast that at dinner he could polish off a leg of mutton with ease, and that when his pig was killed at

Christmas nothing was wasted excepting the teeth and hoofs.

His voice was cracked and husky at times—not from drink, he would carefully inform his listeners—but from continually cheering on, rating, and holloaing his hounds. He was seldom ill, and, if so, his remedy was half a horse-ball, and, if necessary, after any of his numerous falls, he would use his horse-liniment and a stable bandage. “If it’s all right for horses,” he would say, “it’s all right for men.”

In those days there were two packs of Harriers, hunting on alternate days, and naturally a great deal of rivalry existed between the two. One was run by the Squire, to whom Ned acted as huntsman, and many a good tale he could tell of how the squire used to rate him whilst in his service. In fact, as he said, “I could do nothing right, and I never knew a gentleman with such a fine command of language.”

To see and hear the Master when he thought that old Ned was not making a cast just to his thinking was indeed a comedy. First of all would come forth, in a loud, voluminous voice, a torrent of abuse, mixed with a vocabulary not found in “Webster” nor generally heard in polite society. Then he would affect a low, pitying style, and comment upon the hopelessness of having such a

dunderhead to deal with. Finally, his ire rising again, he would dash his hunting-crop on the ground, vowing that he would take hounds home and have his huntsman hanged. This last outburst he considered the *pièce de résistance*, and it entailed the dismounting of his servant to recover the crop, a performance the latter had to go through on most hunting days. Then another start would be made until an outburst of the same sort happened, and so on day after day, till the end of the season. When asked why he did not discharge the man, and get another huntsman more to his liking, the Squire would retort : "Ah ! It might be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire,' and he's been with me so many years that he's got to know my ways, and it would take another man years to get into them."

Old Ned's favourite mount was a lean, ewe-necked old mare, called "Fair Rosamonde," to which a stranger would not have given stable-room ; but her cleverness and speed across country were remarkable. He used often to say it would take a good horse when hounds were running to kick mud in his face. As a matter of fact he had ridden her from a youngster, and would often recount how on one occasion she bucked and got the saddle over her withers, although this sounded hardly possible.

Now, on one occasion, the Squire took his

hounds over to a house where the meet was always a popular one, as the owner, loving good cheer, insisted on all the field dismounting and partaking of a good old-fashioned feed. Horses were stabled, hounds put in a loose box, whilst the huntsman and whip were sent into the kitchen to regale themselves. The host had a mare in his stable called "Belinda," which happened to be own sister to Ned's "Fair Rosamonde," the two being extremely alike in appearance but the reverse in their capabilities across country, for the latter was never known to put a foot wrong, whereas "Belinda" was the clumsiest mare one could well find in a year's search.

Now, the Host had a son, Jim, who was always up to some mischief, and whilst Ned was indoors refreshing the inner man he took the opportunity to slip out and change the saddles and bridles of the two mares, also not forgetting to change their stalls. Jim argued that he would like to have a nice, safe mount for once, and perhaps if old Ned rode "Belinda" he might make her a bit cleverer ; not that Jim minded a fall, but the mare had given him so many of late that he had had enough for the time being. Old Ned was still in the kitchen, making a good meal off a fine chine of pork, washed down with old ale, and just as he was about to return to the stables the butler brought out a bottle of "Blackbird," a liqueur so called,

in case the reader should not know, from its colour. Being a very seductive liquor, and Ned knowing the brew, having had many previous opportunities of finding out its quality, he could not resist "just a glass." This was followed by another, and another—Ned expatiating on its virtues the more after each one. Presently in comes the butler informing them that the Master is ready and about to be off. So out of the kitchen he and the Whip rush to the stable, and the latter, bringing out the old mare, as he supposes, gives Ned a "leg up," and a quick start is made.

To forego minor details, hounds soon find a hare, and are at once away at a good pace, Ned well to the fore and galloping like mad to catch them. Going through some heavy ground, that some would describe as boggy, his mare almost made a mistake, but by a herculean effort managed to save herself. "Why, old gal," remarked Ned, "we were nearly gone that time"; for he would always say it was a blotch on the family escutcheon to part company with one's horse unless he fell too. As luck would have it, the first obstacle to surmount was a five-barred gate. This "Belinda" approached fearlessly and passed through it in a masterly manner, the gate, fortunately, being old and rotten, and thus saving them both a nasty fall. "Rosamonde, old gal! I should not have thought it of you!" said Ned. Next

came a bank with a widish ditch, rather blind on the take-off side. This gave "Belinda" another chance of retrieving her character, if she so willed, but she blundered into it in a way that again fairly puzzled Ned. He, however, picked himself up smiling and remounted, wondering what had come over the mare, but still unsuspecting. The pace improves, but "Belinda's" jumping does not, and presently the boggy trench in the Wilderness is approached, and although Ned does not consider that his mount is jumping up to her usual form, he does not like to show the white feather, as he realised, as "Mr. Jorrocks" has it, that "a huntsman's position was a most prominent one, for he had the eyes of the whole world on him." Pulling her well together, he hardened his heart and, as they say in Ireland, gave "Belinda" a little nourishment with the spurs. With her usual dauntless style she essayed to jump, but with the same result, and this time the fall was a stopper, for the trench was wide, deep, and boggy, and some time elapsed before both horse and rider could be extricated. When safely landed on *terra firma* they presented a sorry spectacle, being both covered with wet mud and slime.

The effects of the "Blackbird" were now beginning to wear off, and Ned began to try to find a reason for the mare's extraordinary behaviour. It is needless to say that by this

time, and after all these tosses, he was far from holding his usual place in the field. After a steady gallop of ten minutes he saw, only a field or so ahead, young Jim on "Fair Rosamonde" going in such a style that it made him fairly envious. Suddenly a thoughtful expression crossed his countenance, and he turned up the old mare's mane to look for a halter mark that he had noticed many a time when grooming her; but the tell-tale patch was not to be found. "Come back, you young rascal," shouted Ned, "and let me have my old mare back or yours'll be the death of me." But young Jim did not, or would not, hear, and on they went, until after a stern chase, in which, fortunately, there was very little fencing, a check occurred, and poor old Ned had a chance of demanding his own mount. Jim, of course, protested that it was all a mistake. "Yes," said Ned, in his dry way, "I shouldn't like to contradict you; but how did your bridle and saddle come on my horse and mine on yours?" And Jim looked down and smiled a saucy smile.

obtained from some wreck on the neighbouring shore ; a soldier sported a red coat, which, judging from its cut, had done more duty in the chase than on the battlefield ; Father Christmas, with his wife, a doctor, a Great Head, and Blundered, with one or two beggars, completed the cast.

Mumming, if I am not mistaken, dates from the 14th century, but now it is almost a remnant of the past ; even Fairs appear to be doomed, as they are dying out one by one. Changes, no doubt, however much we may regret them, must come with the advance of civilisation and the sway of District Councils, but it is a question whether we are much the better for them.

My old friend well remembered when home-made candles, or windlets, as they were called, were in use, the fat being run into moulds with a piece of cotton through the centre for the wick ; also the bells of the churches being always rung on May 29th, and sprigs of oak-apple worn in the hats to commemorate the escape of Charles II.

In those days church choirs were often composed of instrumentalists—the shoemaker playing the clarionet, the baker the fiddle, the tailor the 'cello, the blacksmith the flute—and good music they oftentimes made.

Pack-horses were used to convey goods and merchandise to the houses and farms

in the country, and it must have been a pretty sight to see a smart team, with bells jingling and the packmen dressed in their knee-breeches and short frocks, passing along the old pack roads. There are still many of these remaining in the Island, and one hardly suspects the hard stone bottom beneath the now grass-grown way.

In former days those farm servants who were single generally lived in the house, and it was usual for them to dine in the kitchen with the family, sitting all together at the bottom or lower end of the table. Crockery was not customary then, the plates being of pewter and the drinking vessels of horn. During harvest time their dinner was sent out into the fields in a large oblong tin box, with a division in the middle, the one half holding the meat and the other the vegetables. A farmer told me himself that he had vivid recollections of having to ride from the house to the field with small puncheons or kegs slung on his back to provide his father's servants with beer, and many were the journeys he had to make.

Those were the good old days of harvest homes and harvest suppers—now departed, to return no more, I am afraid.

The present farm labourer, too, has lost much of the cunning of his forefathers, only very few being now able to hedge, ditch, and thatch in the same masterly manner.

In the time I am now writing of, holidays were few and far between and labourers' wages very low, with clothing, on the other hand, high in price. However, wages were better than in the 16th century, as at that time indoor servants only received from £3 to £5 per annum ; maid-servants, £2 to £3 ; and farm hands even less, 4/- a week being considered the value of their services.

Long, in his work "The Oglander Memoirs," tells us that in 1643 hay was £8 14s. 0d. a ton, equal to £20 or more in the present day.

Mr. Judd, a schoolmaster at Newport, composed the following verses, and as they embrace the names of the principal Downs in the Island, I think they are worthy of insertion :—

The Isle of Wight has twenty hills,
Rich in pasture, cattle, mills ;
Bembridge, Brading, Ashey, Pan,
Mersley, George's, Arrertan,
Afton, Sharcombe, Brixton, Week,
Where maidens shew the ruddy cheek ;
Gatcombe, Bowcombe, Gilliberry,
Swainston, fam'd for ale and perry ;
Shanklin, Boniface, and Jay,
Appuldercombe, with park so gay ;
Freshwater Cliffs and Catherin's Hill,
Whose sides a thousand streams distill.
These are our twenty Downs so high,
The brightest, sure, beneath the sky,
Still fam'd for flocks and wholsome air ;
Where, Britain, have you Downs so rare ?

Old men have told me that it was unsafe for one man to be at the plough alone, owing to the danger of being taken off by the press-gang. From the date of following advertisement, August 5th, 1793, the condition of the country at the time may be judged :—

ISLE OF WIGHT HARVEST MEN.

This is to give Notice that upon application by the Magistrates of the Isle of Wight to the Rt. Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, their Lordships have been pleased to give orders to the officers charged with the impress service that all persons that are disposed to come to the Isle of Wight from the Western Counties to assist in getting in the harvest, and having a certificate from the Minister or Churchwarden of their respective parishes of such their intentions and of their not being seamen or seafaring men, may pass to and from the Island without molestation, and their Lordships have been pleased to consent that notice of this their indulgence should be published in the county papers.

Continual notices appeared in the *Hampshire Chronicle* previous to this date requesting sportsmen not to trespass after game on certain manors. The author does not wonder at the need for such advertisements, as an amusing letter from one sporting friend to another on

the mainland gives a good illustration of the then state of affairs in this respect :—

3rd November, 1772.

Dear Friend,

I told you we should find good sport in the Isle of Wight, and I begged you, as you remember, to come over. I assure you we have exceeded our expectations. We did great execution last week. In four days we killed four score pheasants and hares. Indeed, there was one thing, between ourselves, which favoured us. It rained much, and the birds were as wet as we were. We might have knocked them down with the muzzle of our guns, they flew so heavy. But will you believe us, we carried our earnings of industry openly in the streets and before the face of justice and have met with no correction. I beg of you to come over and bring Tom Jones's spaniels and Peacock's Snap. I can promise you may have fine diversion ; but mind, when you come, to mount a cockade. This not only charms the ladies, but awes the gentlemen. I assure you a qualified tradesman has been threatened with prosecution for stepping on the wrong side of the hedge in pursuit of his game, while our party, who have no qualification but the black ribbon, may break over hedges, shoot the fowls, trample on the finest grounds of the capital estates, and plunder all

the game at our pleasure. I beg you again, as a good shot, to partake of our success ; and am, with compliments to all friends, hopin you have risen the money to pay the last prosecution,

Your humble servant,
WHITE-CAP DOUBLE-BARREL.

To Mr. Brass-Wire, near Winton.

That the Isle of Wight tends to longevity may be gathered from an article published in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1806, wherein the writer speaks of having met a man named Arnold, a farm servant living at Brixton Court House (a place I have, however, been unable to locate), who was 105. The latter, who had never left the Island, was a man over six feet in height and still very strong, in spite of his great age, being able even then to walk considerable distances. Arnold told him that his wife was also alive, her age being 102, and that they had been married for eighty years, five generations of their family being then in existence. The old man had been most sober as regards spirits, though he was always ready for a cup of good ale.

From records it appears that in 1628 honours were going a-begging—or could be purchased cheaply—as far as Baronetcies were concerned, as about that date Buckingham, before starting for Rochelle, distributed forty (I believe the

number is correct) amongst his followers in lieu of money. These were offered for sale to the highest bidder, one finding a purchaser in a man of the name of Dillington, of Knighton, for the sum of £200 (equal perhaps to £500 in the present day).

The following letter, written in the reign of Edward IV., will give the reader some idea of the way in which prisoners were sometimes treated, although it seems hardly credible even in those days.

Rt. Wenyngton writing to my Rev. Master Tho. Daniel, Esq., says :—

“Amongst other things I have brought them all the 100 ships within Wight, in spite of them all, and ye might get leave of our Sovereign Lord the King to come hither. It shall turn you to great worship and profit to help make an engagement in the King's name, for ye saw never such a sight of ships taken into England this 100 winters. He says they had done £2000 of damage to our ships, and I am therefore advised and all my fellowship to drown them and slay them without we have tidings from our Sovereign the King and his Council, and therefore, in the name of God, come ye yourself.

I write in haste within Wight on Sunday after the Ascension of our Lord.”

CHAPTER XX.

Amongst remarkable events that happened in the Isle of Wight are these :—

During the year 1177 we read that a shower of blood fell for two hours without intermission.

1780. John Green notes that a meteor fell in Chale Bay.

On Shrove Tuesday, 27th February, 1781, there was a great storm, which blew down thirty-two barns and innumerable trees in the Island. The *Hampshire Chronicle* records that the cutter privateer "St. David" foundered at anchor in Cowes Roads, and so great was the force of the wind that the Portsmouth coach was upset.

In 1783, on the last day of the year, a very heavy fall of snow took place and did not disappear until Shrovetide, 1784, the people of Gatcombe having to cross the fields to get to Newport, owing to the roads being impassable.

It may be remembered the same thing happened in 1881, when the Island, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants, was for months under snow.

At the end of this volume will be found a list of some of the wrecks which have happened on the coast of the Isle of Wight. It is a lengthy list of casualties, but it will give some idea of the disasters that befel shipping previous to the erection of the lighthouses at St. Catherine's Point and St. Alban's Head.

Cowes was the last place we visited, and it was with pangs of regret we started from here on our homeward journey.

I will not weary my reader with a detailed account, as we returned over much the same route as we came. It is sufficient to say that we arrived safely, after a very pleasant six weeks spent in the Island.

It is with great regret, now that my task is finished, that I lay down my pen, for the remembrance of this driving tour gives me many pleasant hours of reflection.

Doubtless we left much unseen, that we live in hopes of seeing some time in the future, as there is such a homeliness about the spot, and something so indescribably pleasant and restful in its surroundings, that those who once visit it are sure to return. Its great charm lies in the variety of its scenery—from the sweet smelling valleys to the wild parts of the Undercliff—unrivalled, in my mind, in any other country I have visited.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

SOME WRECKS OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

I now append notes of a few storms, wrecks, &c., some of the records having been found written on the walls of fishermen's huts ; most of them took place in Chale Bay. I give also a copy of the wreck log kept by James Wheeler from about the middle to the end of the 18th century.

Alcester, at Atherfield, February 20-21, 1897. All saved.

Captain and mate aboard during the night. Cargo, jute.

August, at Atherfield, February 15th, 1900. Cargo, Jarrah wood.

Atlas, Australian, November 25th, 1880. Seven saved by rocket apparatus.

Alpheus Marshall, at Atherfield, February, 1879. Cargo, bark.

Abbey Langdon, 1000 tons, at Needles, 1858. Cargo, rice and coffee.

Berion Zeus, 1780.

Beaumonde, near Niton Lighthouse, October 3rd, 1883. Cargo, wood, bark.

Blessington, at Freshwater Bay, January, 1833.

Cederena, at Brook, April 2nd, 1862. Carrying convicts. Brook Church lined with the cedar of this vessel.

- Combury Castle, City Rotterday, January 23rd, 1892.
Floated off high tide.
- Cameo.
- C. B., at Chale, French Brig, April 19th, 1868. Cargo, zinc ore.
- Cashmere, at Blackgang, 1856. Cargo, timber.
- Castle Crag, at Brook.
- Claremont, at Whale Chine, January 27th, 1881.
Cargo, iron ore.
- Clarendon, at Chale, 1836.
- Carnbrae Castle, at Brook, July, 1829. Missed stays.
700 aboard, all saved.
- Cormorant, at Ladder Chine, December 21st, 1886.
Run into by a Spanish ship, and left its figure head
in the Chine. Cargo, cotton.
- Charles II., Swedise galliot, 100 tons, at Sandrock,
Christmas Day, 1832. Cargo, fruit.
- Duke of Westminster, at Atherfield, January, 1882.
Got off.
- Diana Faur, February, 1830.
- Duke. The figure head of this vessel is at Ventnor.
- Decca, full-rigged ship, at Rocken End, 1872.
- Dizzy Dunlop, wooden schooner, at Atherfield, April
7th, 1890. Cargo, slates.
- Dona Zola, at Chale, 1880. Cargo, rum and tobacco.
- Essen, at Rocken End, March 6th, 1881.
- Ellen Horsfall. Crew got ashore by aid of a line.
- Eurydice, Dunnose Point, March 24th, 1878.
- Eida, January 21st, 1892. Got off March 29th, same
year.
- Fortuna, s.s., at Titpit, February 6th, 1867. Floated
off on casks. General cargo.
- Fanny Laralios.
- Glenary, Glasgow, at Chale, March 1st, 1876. One
drowned. General cargo.
- George and Henry, three-masted lugger, cast high and
dry at Ladder Chine. All saved.

- Hew Brig, at Sandrock, 159 tons, 21st October, 1833.
Two drowned. Cargo, fruit.
- Henry Addington, Bembridge Ledge, 11 p.m., January 1815.
- Henrys, barque, at Sandown, January 15th, 1833.
- Hope, at Freshwater, 1873. Cargo, coal.
- Irex, at Needles. Landed at Scratchells Bay on cliff 500 feet high. Man with broken leg drawn up.
- Johannes, at Blackgang, 1867. Cargo, calico. A rich harvest of goods was cast upon the shore.
- Johannes Millis, at Chilton Chine, January 18th, 1896. Cargo, corn.
- Jean Marie, at Blackgang, February 11th, 1837.
- Juana Benone, at Niton, October 19th, 1891. Cargo, Guano, wood, bark.
- Kinfauns Castle, Brook, 1902. Succeeded in getting off next day.
- Kongsek, wooden brigantine, Norway, January 21st, 1888. Cargo, salt.
- Lotus, rum ship, at Whale Chine, 19th October, 1862. All crew drowned but two.
- Lelia, London, at Rocken End, November 1st, 1859. F. Wheeler let himself down by rope and saved seven crew. Cargo, sponges.
- Le Courier, at Chale, December 17th, 1823.
- Lucy, at Niton. Cargo, coal.
- Matilda, Dutch galiot, at Chale, 1900. Cargo, corn.
- Martin, at Freshwater; December 31st, 1775. Nine drowned.
- Melville Watson, at Blackgang.
- Mignonette, at Brook, 1879.
- Mosland, at Brook.
- Newbriggan, Atherfield, 1879.
- North Star, brigantine, at Brook.
- Navero.
- Ocean.
- H.M.S. Pembroke, at Bonchurch. Floated high tide.

- Pomona, frigate, 750, at Needles, October 14th, 1811.
Total wreck. Persian Ambassador aboard. All saved by the Tesipone, of Constantinople.
- Quail.
- Rosine, Marseilles, at Ladder. Cargo, logwood.
- Renard.
- Russie, at Niton, 1902. Cargo, rum.
- Research.
- H.M.S. Sphinx, at Chale Bay, 1846. Floated off.
- Sirenia, 1800 tons, at Atherfield, March, 1888, Life-boat men drowned and part of crew.
- Schiehallion, barque, 600, at Blackgang, March 13th, 1879.
- Simla, at Needles, January 25th, 1884. Twenty drowned.
- Stephanotis.
- Sea Bee, brig, at High Cliff, 1870. Cargo, logwood.
- Stemman, at Blackgang, 1879. Got off.
- Three Sisters, at Atherfield, 1863. Floated off. Cargo, pines.
- Three Sisters, West Indiaman, outward bound, at Woody Bay, St. Lawrence, January 31st, 1799. It was very severe weather; rigging and sails clogged with ice, rudder broken. Nine drowned, and buried at St. Lawrence. General cargo.
- Therapsy, at Ladder Chine. Ferocious dog aboard which bit several boys.
- Underly, full-rigged ship, at Lucombe, September 26th, 1871, outward bound. General cargo.
- Vallid, at Whale Chine. Crew all drowned. Cargo, Jarrah wood.
- Victor Emmanuel, Greek, at Ladder, January 30th, 1861. Wheeler saw cliff falling on G. Morman, who had a narrow escape.
- Woodman, at Brightstone, 1870. Snow storm. Cargo, coal.

Whealfield, at Rocken End, December 31st, 1882.
Woolf, frigate, at Chale. Got off.

JAMES WHEELER—HIS BOOK, MAY 17TH, 1787.

1746.

December 2nd.—A Dutch ship from France, bound to Amsterdam, was cast away at Ladder Chine, laden with wine and Spanish wool. Crew all saved.

February.—An English ship from Minorca, bound for London, laden with wine and fruit, cast ashore at Cliff End. Fourteen men and one Spanish woman were drowned.

1749.

February.—An English sloop from Spain, bound to London, was lost at Brightstone Ledge, with mahogany. One boy drowned.

1750.

August 12th.—On Sunday morning, a brig from Bordeaux, bound to Sweedland (Sweden), was lost upon the Moxton, at Atherfield rocky ledge, with bay-salt and wine. Crew all saved.

August 12th.—Same night, an English ship from Portugal, bound to London, was cast ashore upon Typit Ledge with raw silk and some Portuguese money on board. Crew all saved.

1751.

March.—A galliot was cast ashore on Bullplace, loaded with wine.

1752.

March 26th.—A sloop was lost upon the Jersey rock, at Watershoot, loaded with block stone, bound Ramsgate. Crew all saved.

1753.

January 14th.—A large dogger was lost under Walpen Heath. No one on board. Loaded with white wine.

February.—A snow was lost at Rocken End, loaded with cheese and thirty tons of lead, from Chester. The master of her was drowned.

April.—The *Insurance*, a 40-gun ship, was lost at the Needles. They came last from Lisbon, with Governor of Jamaica and his wife passengers aboard, and a great deal of money, and a great deal was lost. Crew all saved.

December. A ship was lost under Atherfield Cliff, loaded figs and almonds. Ship came from Billen-nooa. At the Shark's Mouth. Crew all saved.

1754.

January 10th.—A brig from Boston, in New England, was lost at Ladder Chine, loaded with hair oil, bound to London. Only one man saved.

Same night a French sloop was lost in Typit, loaded with wine, bound to Dunkirk. Crew all saved.

Same night a snow from Plymouth, bound to Hamborough, loaded with allspice and leather, was lost in Typit. Crew all saved.

Same night a Dutch ship, *Hambro*, loaded with pipes, staves, and sheets of copper was lost at Brixton. Burthen, 500 tons. Bound to a port in Portugal. Crew all saved.

Same night a 200-ton brig was lost in Compton Bay. Some of the crew perished.

January 9th.—A snow from Boston, in New England, was lost at Compton Grange, loaded with oil and rum. Crew all saved.

February.—A French ketch from Maintz, bound to Dunkirk, was lost at Shipledge, near Brixton, loaded with wine and indigo. Crew all saved.

October 11th.—A brig from Malaga, bound to London, lost upon the beach at Atherfield, loaded Malaga wines and raisins. James Anderson, the master, was drowned.

1755.

January.—A large snow from Virginia, bound to London, loaded with tobacco, was lost at Barnes Chine. Crew all saved.

March.—A French sloop was lost at Compton White Cliff, loaded bay-salt. Crew all saved.

April 24th.—A large snow from West Indies, bound to London, loaded with rum and sugar. Crew all saved.

June 30th.—Sloop from Weymouth, bound to London, was lost. Watershoot, loaded wth block stone. Crew all lost.

September 26th.—A snow from West Indies, bound to London, was cast away at St. Catherine's Point, loaded with sugar. 170 tons burthen. Crew all saved.

1756.

December 18th, Saturday morning.—A ship from the Bay of Handrung, bound to London, 170 tons logwood, was stranded at Typit. Crew all saved.

1757.

January 14th.—A galliot, high of Treslane, in Holland, loaded with brandy and wine and other goods,

from Rochefort, bound to Amsterdam, lost at Brightstone. Jacob Bonner, her master, and Job Ancos were drowned.

January 14th.—The *Prince George*, a 90-ton gun-ship, was obliged to come to an anchor in Chale Bay in a storm, and cut all her masts and rigging away, which saved her from being lost. Next day she was towed round by another ship to Portsmouth.

February 14th.—A light collier from Plymouth, bound to London, was cast away with a French privateer at Ventnor Undercliff. Crew saved.

February 24th.—The *Young Abraham*, a snow belonging to Master Lane, in Sweedland, was stranded upon the beach at Atherfield rocks, loaded with bay-salt and brandy, from Brunswick, bound to Liverpool. Crew all saved.

1758.

February 10th.—A snow from Smyrna, from the Levant, bound to Amsterdam, 130 tons burthen, loaded with fruit, silk, and velvet, stranded at Brook Ledge. Her cargo was computed to be worth £40,000. Crew all saved.

October 6th, Sunday night.—A whale was driven ashore by violent storm between the Old Node and the Mackeral Rails. The whale was first took up adrift by the *Archer*, man-of-war, coming up Channel, but was forced to cut him loose in a storm off the Isle of Wight. The next morning, being Monday, October 7th, the whale was found again by Robert Whillier, Richard Jacob, James Reed, William Reed, and Thomas Mackett. The whale was 63 feet long.

1759.

January 1st.—On Tuesday morning, at two o'clock, a Spanish snow from Majorca, bound to London,

loaded with sweet oil and some raw silk, was stranded upon the Mexon, at Atherfield rocks. Crew all saved.

June 18th.—A large Dutch ship from the West Indies ran aground upon the Swingill Ledge, with rum and sugar from the West Indies. Crew all saved.

1760.

January 23rd.—About three o'clock in the afternoon a Dutch galliot, *Hey*, was stranded at Brooke, burthen 108 tons, loaded with wines and brandy from Bordeaux. Crew all saved.

The night following, the 23rd, about nine of the clock, a French privateer cutter ran ashore at Sudmore Point, and was stranded. Burthen, 35 tons. She mounted four carriage guns besides swivels. Crew all saved and carried to Porchester Castle.

February 14th.—The *Bluebell*, cutter, from Plymouth, bound to Gosport, with eighteen passengers on board, was drove ashore by a great storm, under Atherfield Cliff, in Chale Bay. Crew all saved. 37 tons burthen.

1762.

January 27th.—About nine of the clock on Wednesday night a Dutch galliot from Bordeaux, bound to Bremen, loaded with brandy and wine. Burthen, 190 tons. Cast ashore west side of Cowlease Chine. Crew all saved.

1765.

November 9th.—A snow named *Apthorp*, belonging to Glasgow, Captain Andrew Mancey. She came from Dieppe, and was bound to Topsome, in ballast. Stranded, Scratchell's Bay. Crew all saved..

December 7th.—Spanish ship named *St. Michael*, Captain Christopher Deval, from Cadiz, bound to London with 700 bags of Spanish wool. Burthen, 200 tons. Lost at Watershoot. Four drowned, ten saved.

1766.

October 2nd.—Wednesday night, at ten of the clock, an English snow from Alderney, bound to London, was lost at Compton. Burthen, 100 tons. Crew all saved.

Nov. 18th.—A French sloop was lost at Freshwater Gate. Crew all lost.

December 12th.—Friday morning, about six o'clock, a Dutch galliot was cast away at Atherfield rocks, 200 tons burthen, from Bordeaux, bound to Amsterdam, with 750 hogsheads of rice wine on board. Crew all saved.

1767.

February 26th.—The *Jeans*, a brig, 100 tons burthen, from St. Jamaica to London, loaded with oranges, was cast away at Chale Bay. Patrick Buck, master, and three men drowned.

May 27th.—Wednesday morning, the *Three Friends*, a galliot hoy, from Hinkey, in Ireland, bound to Flamborough, with 130 tons logwood, was lost at Knowles. Crew all saved.

1769.

April 11th.—On Monday night, ten o'clock, a brig from Bordeaux, bound to Dunkirk, 150 tons, loaded with French claret, was cast away the east side of the beach at Atherfield rocks. Crew all saved.

December 29th.—A sloop from Sunderland, bound to Weymouth, loaded with coals, lost at St. Lawrence. 50 tons burthen. Crew all saved.

1770.

April 2nd.—About seven o'clock in the morning a Dutch ship, 170 tons, from Boyon, in France, bound to Middlesburg, in Holland, with wines, lost at Sudmore Point. Crew all saved.

December 22nd.—About ten of the clock, the *King George*, a snow from Whitehaven, Captain John Hudson, master, bound to Holland with tobacco. burthen 170 tons, lost at Sudmore Point. Crew all saved.

December 22nd.—About nine o'clock at night the *North Star*, a sloop, 100 tons, from Seville, bound to London, loaded with oranges, was lost in Compton Bay. Crew all saved.

1771.

October 7th.—The *Edward Althorpe*, from Carnarvon, bound to London, R. O. Williams master of her, loaded slates and stone, lost Atherfield rocks. Burthen, 60 tons. Crew all saved.

December 11th.—Wednesday night, about ten of the clock, a ship from Spain, bound to London, burthen 70 tons, loaded with Spanish wines, was lost on Atherfield rocks. They belonged to Shoreham. Crew all saved. Cargo lost.

1772.

April 8th.—On Wednesday morning, about eight o'clock, a ship from Liverpool, bound to Hull, loaded with salt, lost upon the Mexon, Atherfield rocks. Burthen, 70 tons. Liverpool. Cargo lost. Crew all saved.

1774.

February 12th.—Saturday night, nine o'clock, *Morning Star*, a ship of 250 tons, George Denby master,

from Barrymore, loaded with tobacco, deer skins, staves, and ballast iron, lost off the rocks at Atherfield. Most of the cargo was lost.

April 15th.—Monday, a ship named *Philicay Racket*, Bermudas, Gab. Bizon, master, South Carolina, loaded rice, lost at Needles rock. Cargo lost, crew saved.

1775.

February 1st.—Wednesday. It blowed such a gale of wind that it made a very high tide on the back of the Isle of Wight. At Cowes it flooded into the houses and did a great deal of damage at Newport. It flooded eighteen inches higher than ever was known before.

February 7th.—Tuesday morning, at three of the clock, a ship, burthen 300 tons, from London, in ballast, bound to S. Carolina, stranded on Atherfield Ledge. Crew all saved.

April 24th, 11 p.m.—A Dutch ship from West Indies, burthen 300 tons, bound to Middleburg, Holland, loaded with sugar and coffee, ran ashore upon Typit Ledge, at the west side of Atherfield rocks. Ship's name was *Middleburg Hope*. Ship and most part of cargo saved. Crew all saved.

1777.

October 30th.—Thursday morning, about ten of the clock, *Vrow Dorothea*, a Dutch galliot hoy from Bilboa, Spain, bound to Holland, loaded Spanish wool, drove ashore in a storm at Mill Bay, Ventnor, with cargo most part lost. Crew all saved.

1778.

January 3rd.—Saturday night, a cutter from Alderney, belonging to Shetland, was lost at Brixton, loaded

brandy. All was lost. Crew, five in number, all lost.

January 13th.—On Thursday, at twelve of the clock at night, a Dutch galliot hoy, from Lisbon, in Portugal, bound to Rotterdam, in Holland, burthen 200 tons, loaded Spanish wool, sugar, oranges, lemons, and other things. Drove ashore at Freshwater gate. Crew and most part of cargo saved.

October 23rd.—Friday morning, about six of the clock, a ship belonging to Sweedland, burthen 270 tons, from Cadiz, in Spain, bound to Ostend, with Spanish wool, was lost at Brixton, a little to the west of Ship Ledge. Crew all saved.

1779.

October 12th.—On Tuesday morning a snow, burthen 200 tons, from Leghorn, bound to London, loaded with brimstone and cork, was lost upon the Mestone, Atherfield rocks. The snow and part cargo lost. Crew all saved.

March 14th.—Sunday night, 7.30 of the clock, a letter-of-marque mounting eighteen carriage-guns, from New York to Ireland, and from thence bound to London, was lost in Tyepit. Burthen 265 tons, in ballast. The ship lost. Crew all saved.

December 2nd.—Thursday morning, a ship from Newfoundland, loaded with salt-fish, bound to Poole, was lost at Freshwater White Cliff. Twelve men saved, three drowned.

December 17th.—Friday morning, about four of the clock, a Portuguese schooner, burthen 200 tons, from Fovre, in Portugal, was stranded at the east side of the Bingh, at Atherfield rocks, loaded with figs and almonds and Smyrna raisins. Most part cargo lost, but crew saved.

1780.

- March 5th.—A Dutch galliot, on the Ship Ledge, Brixton, from Cornwall, bound to Holland, loaded with block stone. The ship, cargo, and crew saved.
- March 20th.—On Monday morning, about six of the clock, the *How*, a ship from Jamaica, in the West Indies, was stranded to the westward of Cowlease Chine, loaded with rum, sugar, cotton, and logwood. Most part of cargo was lost.

1781.

- January 1st.—A fine ship was lost in Scratchells Bay, of 300 tons burthen. Crew all saved. Name of vessel, *Roberts*.
- February 27th.—On Sunday a sloop sunk at Brixton, loaded with oats. Crew all drowned.

1783.

- February 2nd.—On Sunday morning, about three o'clock, a King's cutter, from Plymouth, bound to Dover, was lost at Bullplace Ledge, near Brooke, men all saved. The captain's wife was drowned.
- February 4th.—On Tuesday night a brig from Morlis, bound to Ostend, loaded with sugar and raw hides, was cast away at Barnes High. The captain and four men were drowned, five saved. The cargo and all lost. Burthen 150 tons.
- November.—An English brig from Ireland, bound to Havre du Grace, with pork, ran ashore at Bembridge Ledge. The brig and cargo saved.
- December 30th.—Tuesday, a Dutch sloop from Amsterdam, bound to Southampton, laden with horse beans, ran ashore at Luccombe. The sloop lost and the cargo saved.
- October 5th.—On Sunday, at five o'clock, a small brig from Sardinia, bound to Stockholm, laden with

salt, was cast ashore to the eastward of Blackgang Chine. Burthen 30 tons. One man jumped overboard and was drowned. The name of the brig was *Fionna*, and the master of her was Jacob Prill.

February 21st.—A large Danish ship, supposed to be homeward bound from the East Indies, was lost last Friday morning on the back of the Isle of Wight, in a hard gale of wind, and all the crew were drowned.—The *Universal Magazine*, February, 1783.

1784.

January 2nd.—On Saturday morning a Dantzic ship from Liverpool, bound to Ostend, loaded with salt, burthen 400 tons, ran ashore at Sudmore Point. Ship and cargo saved.

January 15th.—On Thursday morning, at 4 o'clock, the *Earl Cornwallis*, an English ship from New York, burthen 750 tons, loaded with King's stores, viz., rum, brandy, wine, pork, and beef, and an iron chest with 7000 dollars in it, was cast ashore at Rocken End. The dollars were saved, but the ship and most part of the cargo lost. Crew saved.

February 25th.—On Wednesday morning, at 2 o'clock, the *Fuanna*, a light transport from New York, bound to London, was lost at Sandrocks, a little to the westward of Rocken End. Crew saved.

February 26th. On Thursday night, at nine o'clock, the *Independence*, a large ship from Baltimore, bound to London, loaded with tobacco and staves, was lost upon the Mexon, at Atherfield rocks. The crew was forced to remain upon part of the wreck until Friday morning, the 27th, of which one black boy perished with the wet and cold. The master and several others narrowly escaped. The ship and most the cargo lost.

June 15th.—On Tuesday morning, at one o'clock, a ship named the *Friendship*, 350 tons burthen, from Virginia, bound to London, loaded with tobacco and stores, was lost upon the Mexon, at Atherfield rocks. The ship and most part of the cargo lost. Crew saved.

November 11th.—Thursday, at eleven o'clock at night, a brig from Maria, bound Dunkirk, loaded with wine, ran ashore at Chilton Chine. The ship and cargo were saved.

November 15th.—Monday, at eight o'clock in the morning, an English cutter from Malaga, loaded with fruit, bound to London, was cast ashore at Sudmore Point. Burthen about 10 tons. The cutter and most part of the cargo was lost. Crew saved.

1785.

January 5th.—On Wednesday morning, at two o'clock, a Dutch brig from St. Ubes, bound to Presland, loaded with salt, was lost under cliff opposite.

January 6th.—On Thursday, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, an English ship from Portugal, bound to London, loaded with wool and some dollars, ran ashore in a snow blast at Sudnow. The ship and cargo saved.

January 8th.—Saturday night, at eight o'clock, the *Marchent*, a large ship from Virginia, bound to London, Captain Gallaway the master of her, loaded with tobacco, turpentine, and tar, was lost upon the Mexon, at Atherfield rocks. The ship and most part of the cargo were lost. Burthen 800 tons. Crew saved.

August 20th.—Tuesday night, the wind at east, with thunder and lightning. A French brig from Havre de Grace, bound to Lisbon, had on board some cider. Under cliff, opposite to Old Park. Crew saved, ship lost.

September 6th.—At 10 o'clock in the forenoon, a galliot from St. Lubec, bound to Bordeaux, loaded with staves, was forced ashore in a storm at Typit. The hoy lost, and most part of the cargo saved. Crew saved.

1786.

January 2nd.—On Monday night, the wind at S. by E., with thunder and lightning, and a great deal of snow, at six o'clock that night the *De Maria Anne*, a French brig from Rochelle, bound to Dunquerke, loaded with brandy and wines, ran ashore at Sandown Bay, opposite the Fort. The ship and cargo saved.

The same night, at six o'clock, *James Ryder*, an English brig from Sunderland, loaded with coals, was lost under cliff, opposite to St. Lawrence. The ship and cargo lost, and one man drowned. Two men perished in the snow.

January 3rd.—In the evening, the wind at south, with a hard wind, then a terrible storm at S.E., with a drift of snow. On the 4th, at four o'clock in the forenoon, the *Halgewell*, an East Indiaman from London to Bengal, Captain Pierce the commander of her, cut away their main and mizen masts in the storm, between the Lizard and Start Points, and wore ship and stood for Portsmouth under jury masts.

The Friday following, January 6th, between two and three of the clock in the morning, the above ship was forced ashore between St. Albans and Pevensey Point. A south wind. Ship, burthen 758 tons. The captain had on board his two daughters, two nieces, and three other ladies. Mr. Meriton, the chief mate, was driven from on board upon the rock by a heavy sea.

September 10th.—Thursday, about seven o'clock in the morning, a French brig was driven ashore in a storm, opposite the Old Node, loaded with salt, brandy, and some vinegar. All the cargo was lost. Crew saved.

December 9th.—On Monday morning, at five of the clock in the morning, the *Juno*, a Dutch ship of war, burthen about 900 tons, mounting about 36 guns and 250 men, from the East Indies, bound to Holland, ran ashore at Sudmore Point in a storm, at south by east. Had on board a great quantity of handkerchiefs, pieces of silk, clothes, and money, and other things of great value was lost, and five or six men were drowned.

NOTE.—The remains of the wreck were sold for £444.

1789.

January.—A brig was driven in and came to anchor in Compton Bay in the forenoon, the wind at S. by E., with snow and a gale of wind. The men got out in the boat and all were drowned. The brig was carried to Hampton the next day by the Yarmouth people.

October 20th.—Tuesday morning, about ten of the clock, a French sloop from Havre de Grace, bound to Brest, loaded with pot ashes, was obliged to run ashore to the westward of Atherfield High Cliff, being in a bad condition. Crew saved.

The same morning three men came ashore in a boat in Typit. They were driven off Alderney about three o'clock in the afternoon the day before in a storm at south, and all three were saved. They were out fishing when the storm arose.

1790.

January 27th.—Wednesday, about five o'clock in the morning, an English brig from Liverpool (her

name was *William and John*, of Liverpool) went ashore a little to the eastward of Atherfield High Cliff, loaded with tobacco: The cargo was all saved, and the brig got off after a good deal of trouble. Crew saved. The brig was bound to Holland.

May 23rd.—Sunday, a large East Indiaman from Malay, bound to London, loaded with bale goods, ran ashore at Grange. Burthen, 1000 tons. Her cargo was saved, and the ship went off May 22nd (Thursday), but a great deal damaged.

NOTE.—She struck about two of the clock in the morning, the weather moderate, with a fog, and she kept firing all the forenoon.

1791.

January 4th.—On Tuesday, in the afternoon, a hoy, by all accounts loaded with wines, was seen by particular persons to sink opposite Knowles, in the parish of Niton in a gale at S. by E. She was seen in company with another just before the misfortune happened.

January 10th.—On Monday, at eight of the clock in the night, the *Weymouth* of Weymouth, an English brig, Charles Thompson master of her, ran ashore at Rocken End, the wind at south with a fresh breeze and thick weather, loaded with fruit from Denia, bound to London. Burthen, 190 tons. The ship and cargo entirely lost. Crew saved.

August.—At three of the clock in the morning an English brig from Sunderland, bound to Topsom with coals, ran ashore at Southmore, near Brook, with a fresh breeze of wind at west, and fine weather. The brig and most part of the cargo lost. Crew saved.

December 23rd.—On Friday morning, about three of the clock, an English ship, burthen 550 tons, from

Bristol to Sunderland, in ballast, ran ashore at Brook in a gale at south, and dark weather. Crew saved and the ship not much damaged. The ship went off June 17th, 1792.

The same morning, at half-past three of the clock (December 23rd), a small cutter of 20 tons was lost in the gale of wind at Atherfield rocks, and all her hands (three in all) perished.

1792.

February 6th.—Monday, early in the morning, a Dutch ship, 600 tons, loaded with rock dust, ran ashore at Grange in a light breeze and foggy weather. The ship and cargo lost. Crew saved.

October 31st.—Wednesday morning, about three of the clock, the *Dolphin*, a sloop about 80 tons, from Malaga to London, loaded with lemons and some oranges, ran ashore at Typit. Crew saved.

1793.

January 8th.—Tuesday morning, about two of the clock, the *Garland*, a large English brig from Barcelona to London, loaded with wines and cork, was lost under Walpen Heath. Burthen, 180 tons. Robert B. Drowd, the captain of her, and three men were drowned.

The Friday following (January 11th), about four of the clock in the afternoon, a small sloop, 75 tons, from Sina to Hembro, loaded with lemons and some oranges, was driven ashore in a storm between Rocken End and Blackgang. Crew saved, and sloop got off again.

February 25th.—Monday morning, about five o'clock, the *Harvey*, of Topsom, to London, a small ship loaded with oranges from Lisbon, was lost at Chale rocks. Crew saved.

The following afternoon, about three o'clock, February 25th, the *St. George*, of London, Captain Hill the master, a large English brig from Lisbon, loaded with oranges, wines, cotton, and hides of all kinds was chased in at Atherfield rocks by two Frenchmen, had in her a great number of funcas bottles, which were of great value.

November 3rd.—Sunday, about four or five of the clock in the morning, the *Kinds Inereage*, a light English brig from Weymouth, was lost at Rocken End. Crew saved.

1794.

November 28th.—Friday night, an English brig was driven ashore in a storm, partly dismasted, at the westward of Southmore Point, loaded with cotton and some logwood. One of the men died before the morning with the wet and cold; the rest were saved.

1795.

February 6th.—Friday, a small Spaniard, about 90 tons, loaded with wool, was lost about two o'clock in the morning, at Southmore. Crew saved.

February 9th.—Monday, in the morning, a large ship from Ireland to London, loaded with oats, was lost at Ship Ledge, in Brixton. A great quantity of the oats was sold at 7d. per quarter, for she remained whole for some time before she came to pieces.

November.—Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, a Swede, a small hoy from St. Ubas, loaded with salt and some cork, was lost at Ship Ledge.

November 3rd.—Sunday, the *Friends Increase*, a light brig ran ashore at Sandrock.

1796.

November.—A brig was driven ashore in a storm at Sandown Fort, with no persons on board, loaded with butter.

1797.

January 13th or 14th.—Friday night or Saturday morning, the *Buono Elina*, a small ship from Venice to London, belonging to Venice, was lost at Brooke Chine, loaded with some cotton and Calabria oil. Crew and some of the cargo saved.

1798.

December 2nd.—At half-past twelve at night, a snow from Portoport, bound to Hamburg with buffalo hides and sugar and some buffalo horns, ran ashore at Atherfield rocks. Part of the cargo was saved, and the remains of the wreck was sold for £48 to the fishermen.

Early in December the *Henry Addington*, homeward bound East Indiaman, ran ashore in a fog at Bembridge Ledge, loaded with bale goods, and a large quantity of dollars on board. The dollars and some part of the cargo saved, but ten or fourteen of the men were drowned.

1799.

January 27th.—About six of the clock in the morning a light collier brig from Plymouth, bound to Sunderland, ran ashore in a fog under Walpan Heath. Captain's name, Wilgon. The remains of the brig was sold for £40. Crew saved.

January.—A collier, bound in, was lost at Bembridge Ledge. Cargo lost, crew saved.

January 31st.—Thursday, at 11 of the clock in the forenoon, a West Indiaman, the *Three Sisters*, from the Downs, bound to Portsmouth, ran ashore in a terrible storm at E. or E. by S., attended by rain and thunder in the evening, when the wind came to snow. Opposite St. Lawrence Church, under cliff, this ship was lost. She was loaded

with all sorts of bale goods, viz., Irish cotton, calico, dowlas, canvas, soldiers' coats and shirts, all sorts of cotton stockings, gounspie checks, Hollands, shoes, and other things. Three or four men were drowned.

Wednesday, the 19th, several men perished in the night with the cold, having been to wreck and drunk brandy. That day, the 19th, the cliff in falling in killed a lad and a girl, and hurt two or three more.

May 21st.—A schooner from Jersey was lost at Grange. September 26th.—Thursday, at two o'clock in the morning, a hoy from Prussia, bound to Liverpool loaded with staves and Kak timber, ran ashore under Atherfield High Cliff. She was leaking. Men and part of the cargo saved.

1800.

January 23rd.—Thursday, about one o'clock in the evening, the *Druet*, a sloop of war from Yarmouth to Guernsey, with 300 soldiers on board, was almost ashore at Cliff End. She brought up in three fathoms of water, with the wind south, but the time she brought up the wind fell; otherwise she must have been ashore. She had been off Guernsey and drove to leeward. She went off on Friday, 24th, to Portsmouth.

1801.

May 3rd.—East countryman, a sloop, was lost at Atherfield rocks.

1803.

May 25th.—On Wednesday, in the night, a schooner from Bordeaux, bound to Denmark, loaded with French wines, red and white, and some vinegar, and a great deal of fruit, mostly preserved, was lost at Chale rocks. Most part of the cargo was saved. Crew all saved.

July 30th.—About two o'clock on Saturday morning a hoy belonging to Bremen, from Bordeaux, bound to Bremen, loaded with 365 pipes of Cognac brandy, was lost at the foot of the race at Rocken End Point. The hoy was sold for £80. Part cargo saved. All crew saved.

November 9th.—Wednesday, 4 a.m., a foreign schooner from Lyston, loaded with sugar, hides, and bags of bay leaves and berries and other drugs, was lost opposite Sudmore. The ship and cargo was mostly lost. Crew all saved.

1804.

July 7th.—Tuesday, in the morning, a foreign ship from Portugal, loaded with sugar and some small quantity of wine, was lost between Sudmore and Brook Chine. Part of the ship was saved. The remains of the wreck were sold for £100, also some sugar and wine. Crew all saved.

1805.

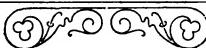
November 30th.—On Saturday morning, at five of the clock, an English brig from Wales, loaded with bar iron, was lost at the west side of Rocken End. Part of the cargo was saved. Crew all saved.

The same morning a foreign hoy from Bordeaux, loaded with wine, walnuts, chestnuts, and fruits. Part of cargo saved. Was lost at eastward of Brooke Chine. Crew all saved.

1808.

December 16th.—A transport ship from Spain to London was lost at the foot of the race at Rocken End at 3 a.m. The mate and eight men were drowned. The ship was nearly 400 tons burthen.

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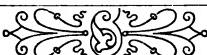


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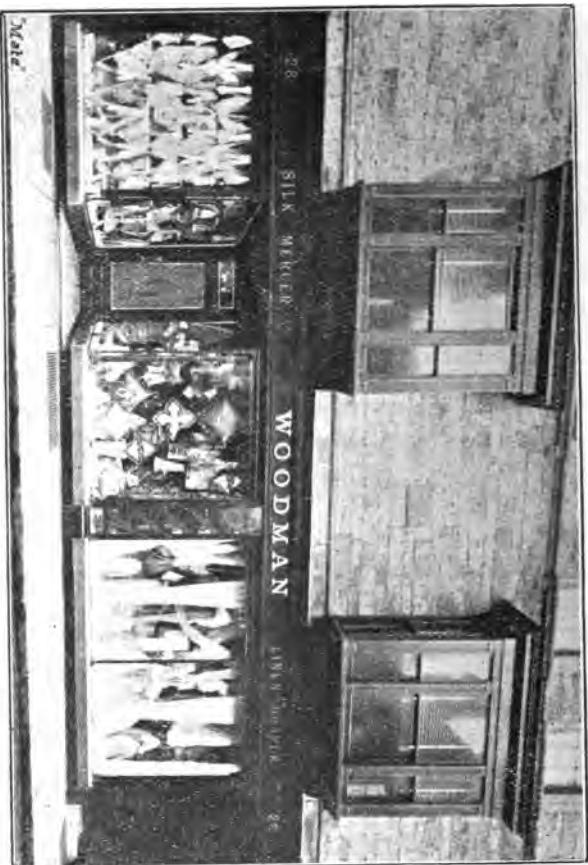
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